

# SPARKLING DIAMONDS

By  
Leonard Marshall

WHITE SMITH & CO.

BOSTON ——— CHICAGO

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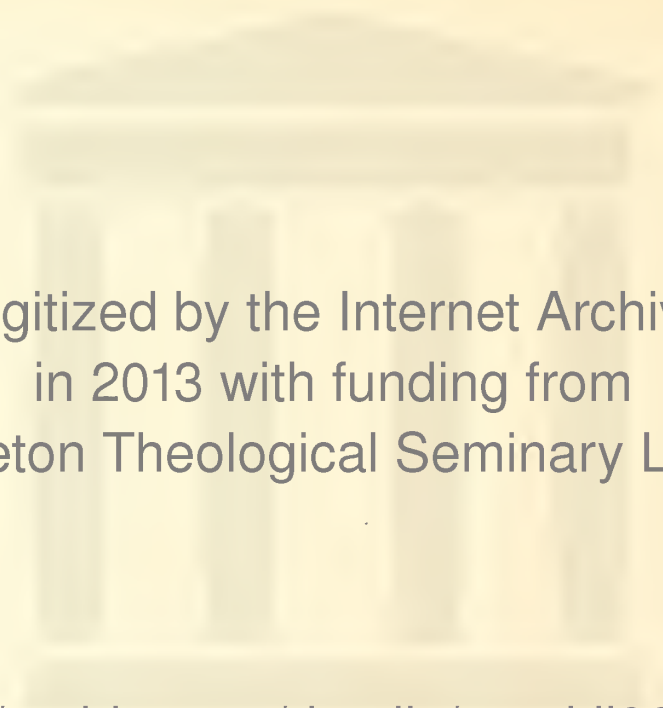
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✓  
SPARKLING DIAMONDS.



A

COLLECTION OF NEW MUSIC

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOL, GOSPEL MEETINGS,  
AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY

✓ ✓  
LEONARD MARSHALL.

BOSTON:

WHITE, SMITH & Co.

CHICAGO:

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## PREFACE.

Music is the source of purest enjoyment. It may occupy the vacant hours, express happily the lively feelings of childhood and youth, and afford rest and refreshment to minds wearied with the cares of life. The gladness of the heart is deepened by its power, and sorrow is oft times relieved by being expressed in song. The full influence of music is only felt where it is combined with appropriate words and is employed in impressing useful instruction on the mind and elevated and devotional feelings in the heart. It has been justly observed that the ballads of a nation have as much influence as its laws, and in a country where the laws and the Government are based on the character of the people, it becomes of great importance that every avenue to the conscience and to the heart be guided by virtue and piety.

It is with the hope of contributing to this result that SPARKLING DIAMONDS is given to the public. In regard to the music herein presented, the author may be permitted to say it is mostly original, from various popular authors, and many of the hymns have been written expressly for this book.

The author desires to express his cordial thanks to those persons who have kindly honored these pages with choice contributions both of music and words. With these prefatory remarks SPARKLING DIAMONDS is submitted to the people, hoping it may be of real service in Sabbath schools and gospel meetings, and thus serve to lead children up to Christ their Saviour.

LEONARD MARSHALL.

# SPARKLING DIAMONDS.

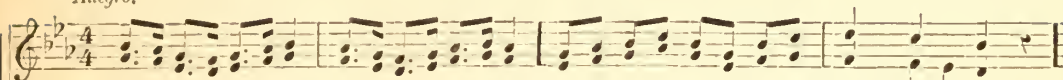
## Search the Scriptures.

Words by C. HOWES.

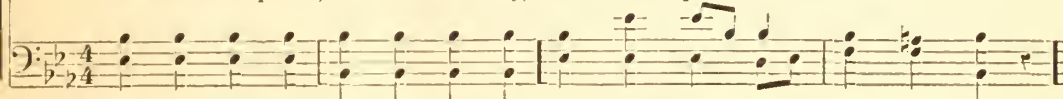
*Allegro.*

"For in them ye have eternal life." John 5: 39.

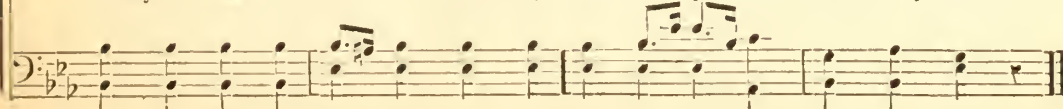
L. MARSHALL.



1. Search the scriptures, search the scriptures, They con - tain the words of life;
2. Like the ancient heaven-ly man-na, On which Is - rael's tribes did feed;
3. Like the tree of life c - ter-nal, Bear - ing fruit for ev - ery time;
4. Like the pure and erys - tal riv - er Flow - ing from the throne of God;
5. Search the scriptures, search them dai - ly, With a pure and hum - ble mind;



Ev - er teaching us, and guid - ing Through this world of toil and strife.  
All may come and take a por - tion, Sat - is - fy - ing ev - ery need.  
Put - ting forth its leaves for heal - ing All who dwell in ev - ery clime.  
Drink it ev - er, with - out meas - ure, Till you reach that blest a - bodc.  
They con - tain rich mines of treas - ure, Which the pure in heart may find.



# The Precious Story.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. P. RYDER.

*Allegro.*

1. We sing the precious ti - dings, That Je - sus from a - bove Came down to of - fer  
 2. How great the love that led him To leave the home a - bove, To die for ruined

free - ly The bless - ings of his love; With heart of warm af - fec - tion He  
 sin - ners, And bless them with his love; For such a pure af - fec - tion My

gave himself to die, That we should never per - ish, But live with him on high.  
 grate-ful spir - it yearns To ren - der back to Je - sus My warm-est love re - turns.

# Consider the Lilies of the Field.

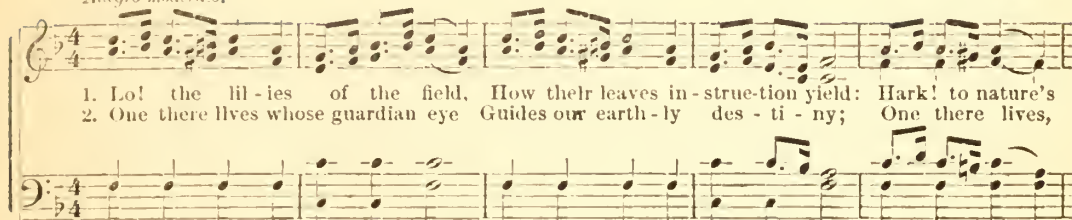
5

Words by HEBER.

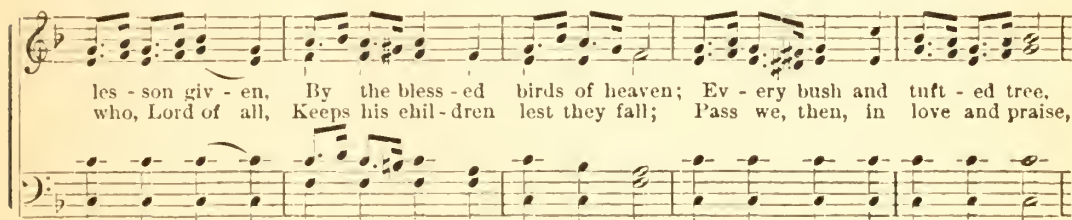
"Behold the fowls of the air."

L. MARSHALL.

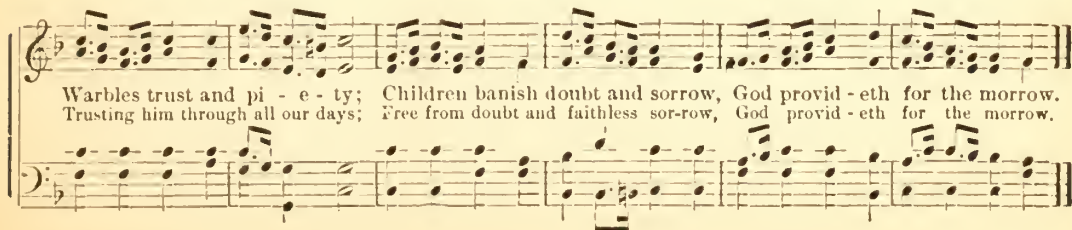
*Allegro moderato.*



1. Lo! the lil - ies of the field, How their leaves in - strue - tion yield: Hark! to nature's  
2. One there lives whose guardian eye Guides our earth - ly des - ti - ny; One there lives,



les - son giv - en, By the bless - ed birds of heaven; Ev - ery bush and tuft - ed tree,  
who, Lord of all, Keeps his chil - dren lest they fall; Pass we, then, in love and praise,

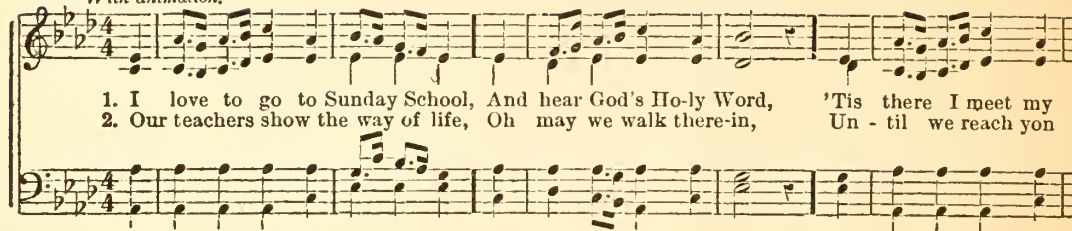


Warbles trust and pi - e - ty; Children banish doubt and sorrow, God provid - eth for the morrow.  
Trusting him through all our days; Free from doubt and faithless sor - row, God provid - eth for the morrow.

# I love to go to Sunday School.

Words by DRANOEL.  
*With animation.*

L. MARSHALL.



1. I love to go to Sunday School, And hear God's Ho-ly Word, 'Tis there I meet my  
2. Our teachers show the way of life, Oh may we walk there-in, Un - til we reach yon



class-mates dear, Praising our gra - cious Lord; And while we praise and sing and pray,  
heavenly shore, Freed from all world - ly sin; And in that land of peace and joy,



To him who reigns above, Oh may our hearts u - ni - ted be, In pur - est, ho - ly love.  
Our hap - piness will be To live and reign with Christ our King Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

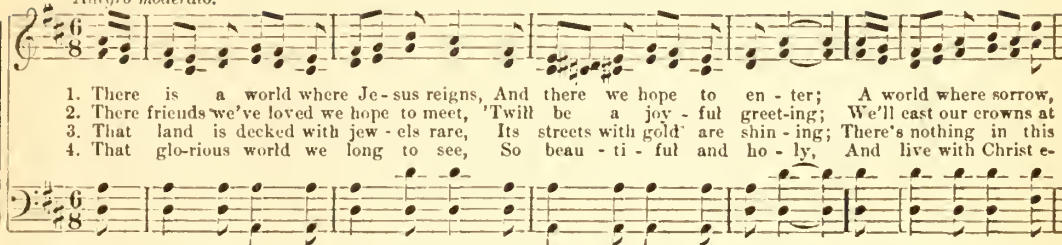
# The World where Jesus Reigns.

7

Words by L. M.  
*Alligro moderato.*

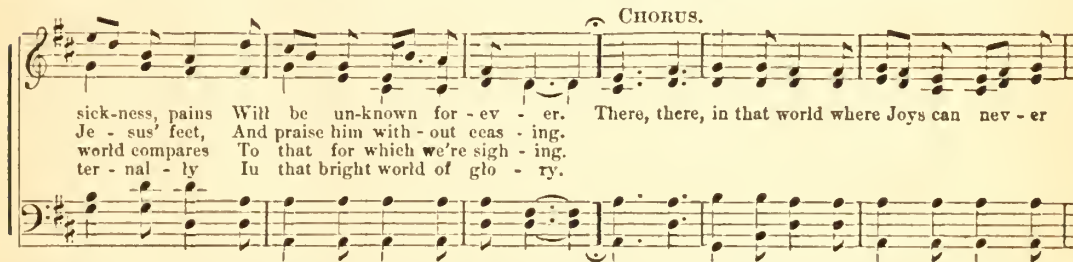
"No sorrows, sickness nor pains are there."

L. MARSHALL.



1. There is a world where Je - sus reigns, And there we hope to en - ter; A world where sorrow,  
2. There friends we've loved we hope to meet, 'Twill be a joy - ful greet-ing; We'll cast our crowns at  
3. That land is decked with jew - els rare, Its streets with gold' are shin - ing; There's nothing in this  
4. That glo - rious world we long to see, So beau - ti - ful and ho - ly, And live with Christ e -

CHORUS.



sick-ness, pains Will be un-known for - ev - er. There, there, in that world where Joys can nev - er  
Je - sus' feet, And praise him with - out ceas - ing.  
world compares To that for which we're sigh - ing.  
ter - nal - ly In that bright world of glo - ry.



sev - er, We hope to join the an - gel band, And sing of Christ for - ev - er.



# O, how Jesus loves.

A. D. T. Newly Arranged—by permission.

*Moderato.*

1. Lit - tle child, do you love Je - sus, O, how he loves; Do you wish to go to heav - en,  
 2. He will lis - ten to your pray - er, O, how he loves; Feed you with his ten - der care.  
 3. Trust him, he will ne'er forget you, O, how he loves; No, he nev - er will forsake you,

O, how he loves. First of all ask his forgiveness With your heart, altho' quite helpless,  
 O, how he loves. He be - came a child just like you, Here he suffered to redeem you,  
 O, how he loves. None from his strong hand can pluck you, His Almigh - ty arm protects you,

Je - sus, lit - tle children blesses,  
 And at last he died to save you. } O, how he loves, how he loves, how he loves, how he loves.  
 Lov - ing - ly he ev - er loves you.



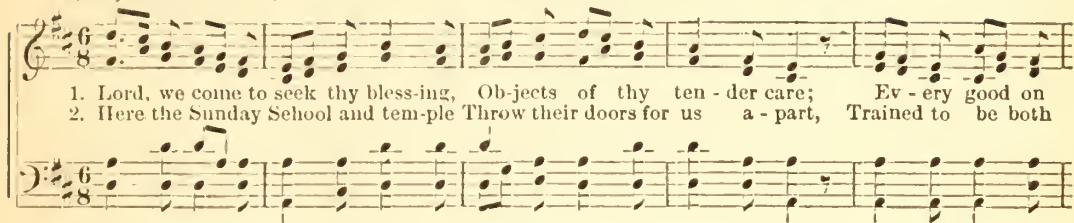
# Lord, we Come to seek Thy Blessing.

9

Words by LEWIS G. PRAY.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

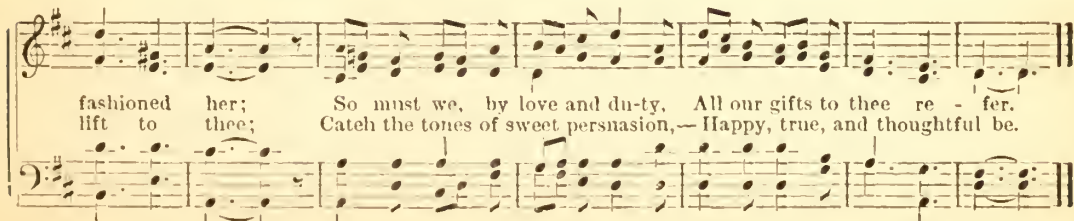
L. M.



1. Lord, we come to seek thy bless-ing, Ob-jects of thy ten - der care; Ev - ery good on  
2. Here the Sunday School and tem-ple Throw their doors for us a - part, Trained to be both



earth possessing, If thy fa-vor we but share. Nature speaks, in all her beauty, Of the land that  
true and gen-tle, Wise in mind and pure in heart. On this joyful, blest occasion, We our hearts would



fashioned her; So must we, by love and du-ty, All our gifts to thee re - fer.  
lift to thee; Catch the tones of sweet persnasion, — Happy, true, and thoughtful be.

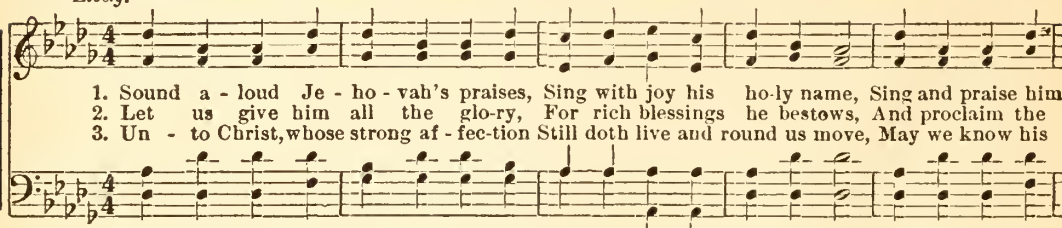
# Sound Aloud Jehovah's Praises.

Worthy the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing. Rev. 5:12.

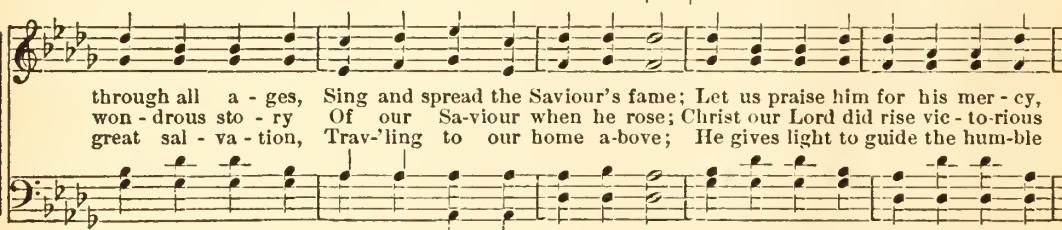
Words by L. M.

L. B. M.

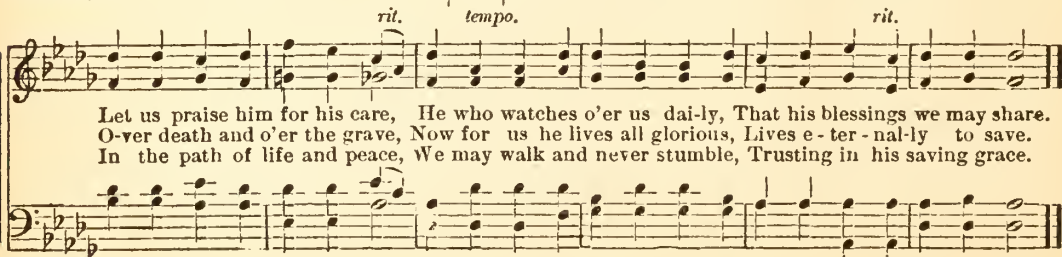
*Lively.*



1. Sound a - loud Je - ho - vah's praises, Sing with joy his ho - ly name, Sing and praise him  
 2. Let us give him all the glo - ry, For rich blessings he bestows, And proclaim the  
 3. Un - to Christ, whose strong af - fec - tion Still doth live and round us move, May we know his



through all a - ges, Sing and spread the Saviour's fame; Let us praise him for his mer - cy,  
 won - drous sto - ry Of our Sa - viour when he rose; Christ our Lord did rise vic - to - rious  
 great sal - va - tion, Trav - ling to our home a - bove; He gives light to guide the hum - ble



*rit.* *tempo.* *rit.*  
 Let us praise him for his care, He who watches o'er us dai - ly, That his blessings we may share.  
 O - ver death and o'er the grave, Now for us he lives all glorious, Lives e - ter - nal - ly to save.  
 In the path of life and peace, We may walk and never stumble, Trusting in his saving grace.

# When we pass through yonder River.

11

KELLY.

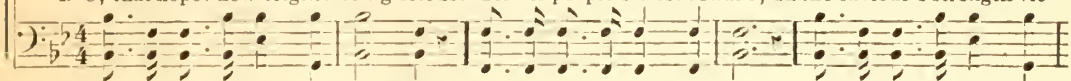
TERMINATION OF CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

L. MARSHALL.

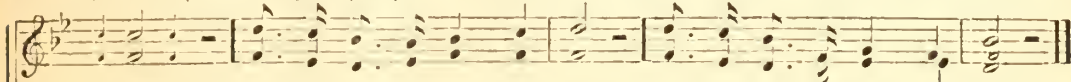
*Allegretto.*



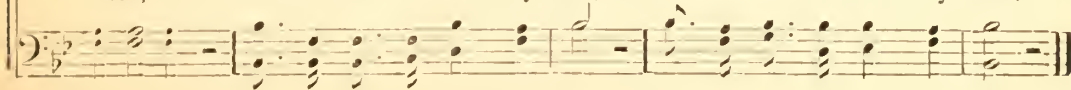
1. When we pass thro' yonder riv - er, When we reach the farther shore, There's an end of war for-
2. Af - ter warfare, rest is pleas - ant; O, how sweet the prospect is; Though we toil and strive at
3. When we gain the heavenly regions, When we touch the heavenly shore, Blessed thought! no hostile
4. O, that hope! how bright! how glorious! 'Tis his people's blest reward; In the Saviour's strength vic-



ev - er;	We shall see our foes no more;	All our con - flicts then shall
pres - ent,	Let us not re - pine at this;	Toil, and pain, and con - flict
le - gions	Can a - larm or trou - ble more;	Far be - yond the reach of
to - rious,	They at length be - hold their Lord;	In his king - dom they shall



cease,	Fol - lowe d by e - ter - nal peace,	Fol - lowe d by e - ter - nal peace.
past,	All en - dear re - pose at last,	All en - dear re - pose at last.
foes,	We shall dwell in sweet re - pose,	We shall dwell in sweet re - pose.
rest,	In his love be ful - ly blest,	In his love be ful - ly blest.



# Let us join as God Commands.

Words from Wesleyan.

*Lively but not too fast.*

CALL TO SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BELLINI.

1. Let us join as God commands, Let us join our hearts and hands, Help to gain our calling's hope,  
 2. Still for-get the things behind, Follow Christ in heart and mind, Tow'rd the mark unwearied press,  
 3. Hence may all our actions flow, Love the proof that Christ we know, Mu-tual love the to - ken be,

Help to build each other up, Car - ry on the Christian's strife, Walk in ho - li-ness of life,  
 Seize the crown of righteousness, While we walk with God in light, God our hearts will still a-nite,  
 Lord, that we belong to thee, Love thine image, love im-part, Stamp it on our face and heart,

Faithfully our gifts improve, For the sake of him we love, Faithfully our gifts improve, For the sake of him we love.  
 Dear-est fellowship we prove Fellowship in Je-sus' love, Dearest fellowship we prove, Fellowship in Jesus' love.  
 On - ly love to us be given, Lord, we ask no other heaven, On-ly love to us be given, Lord, we ask no other heaven.

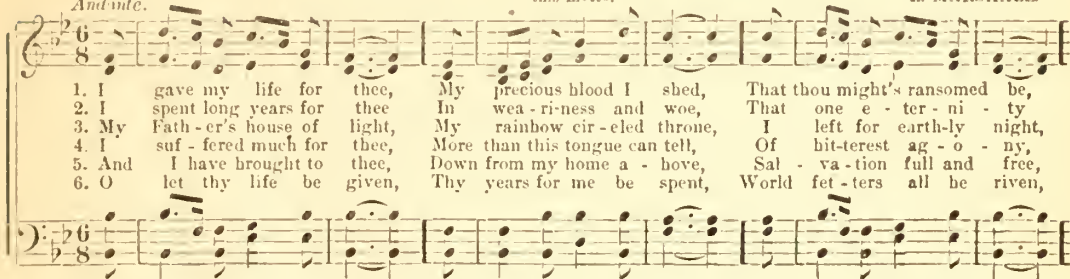
# I gave My Life for Thee.

13

"I gave my life for thee; what hast thou given for me?" It is said that Count Zinzendorf was first taught to love the Saviour by reading this motto.

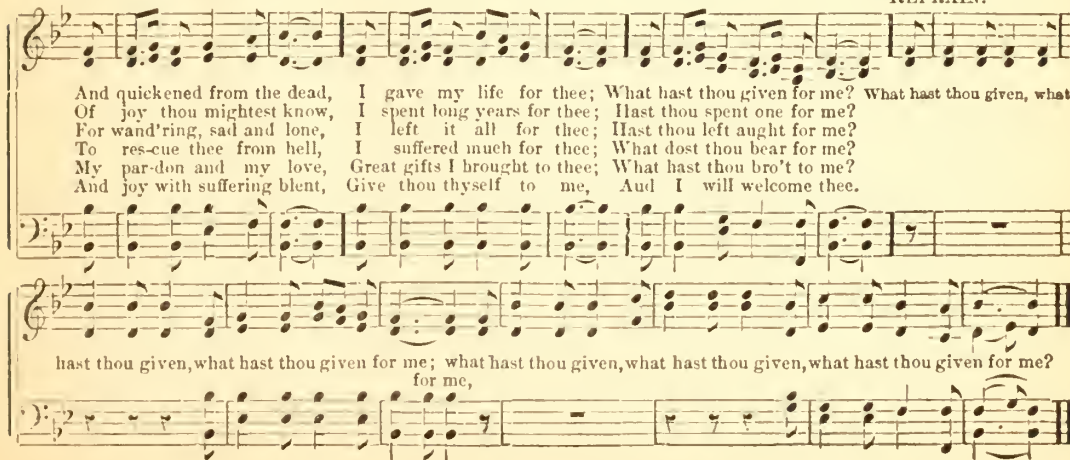
L. MARSHALL

*And mte.*



1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,  
 2. I spent long years for thee In wea-ri-ness and woe, That one e-ter-ni-ty  
 3. My Fath-er's house of light, My rainbow cir-cled throne, I left for earth-ly night,  
 4. I suf-fered much for thee, More than this tongue can tell, Of bit-terest ag-o-ny,  
 5. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free,  
 6. O let thy life be given, Thy years for me be spent, World fet-ters all be riven,

REFRAIN.



And quickened from the dead, I gave my life for thee; What hast thou given for me? What hast thou given, what  
 Of joy thou mightest know, I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for me?  
 For wand'ring, sad and lone, I left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for me?  
 To res-cue thee from hell, I suffered much for thee; What dost thou bear for me?  
 My par-don and my love, Great gifts I brought to thee; What hast thou bro't to me?  
 And joy with suffering blent, Give thou thyself to me, And I will welcome thee.

hast thou given, what hast thou given for me; what hast thou given, what hast thou given, what hast thou given for me?  
 for me,

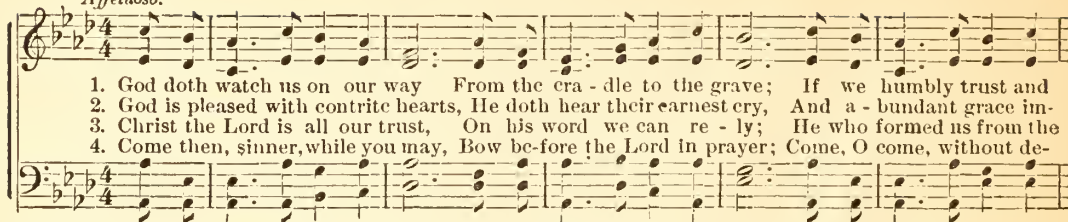


# God doth watch us on our way.

Words by L. M.  
*Allegretto.*

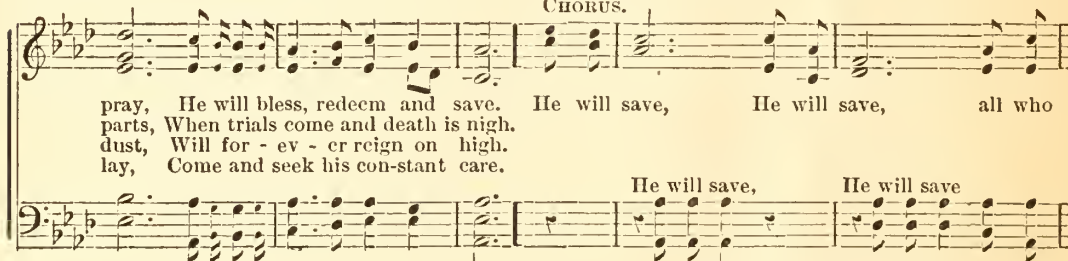
"He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps."

L. MARSHALL.



1. God doth watch us on our way From the cradle to the grave; If we humbly trust and
2. God is pleased with contrite hearts, He doth hear their earnest cry, And abundant grace im-
3. Christ the Lord is all our trust, On his word we can rely; He who formed us from the
4. Come then, sinner, while you may, Bow before the Lord in prayer; Come, O come, without de-

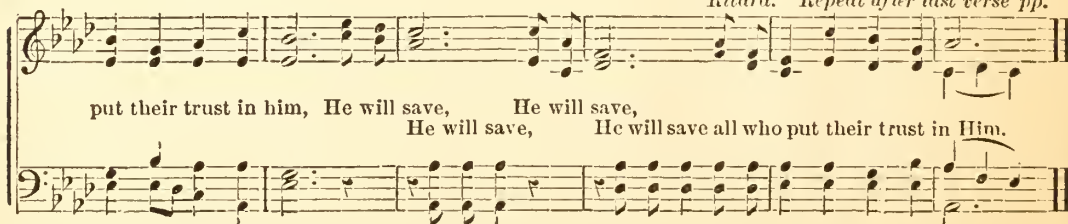
## CHORUS.



pray, He will bless, redeem and save. He will save, He will save, all who  
parts, When trials come and death is nigh.  
dust, Will for ever reign on high.  
lay, Come and seek his constant care.

He will save, He will save

*Ritard. Repeat after last verse pp.*



put their trust in him, He will save, He will save,  
He will save, He will save all who put their trust in Him.

# I left it all with Jesus.

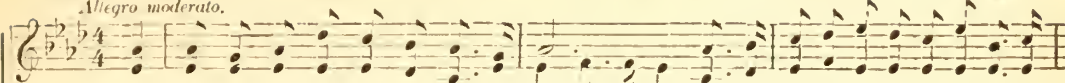
15

Words by ELLEN H. WILLIS.

"Cast your care upon him, for he careth for you." 1 Peter 5: 7.

From the "Choir Bell"—by permission.

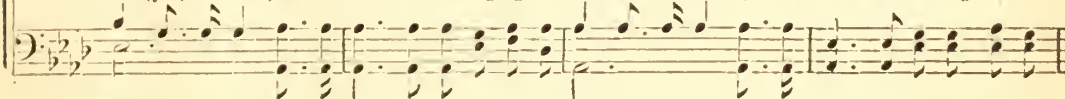
*Allegro moderato.*



1. I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go, long a - go, All my guilt and sins I brought him, and my  
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, for he knows, for he knows, How to take the sad, the bitter, from life's  
3. O, leave it all with Je - sus, drooping soul, drooping soul, Tell not half, but all the sto - ry, yes, the



woe, and my woe, When by faith I saw him on the tree, on the tree, Heard his small, still whis - per, 'tis for  
woes, from life's woes, How to gild the tear-drops with his smile, with his smile, Make the des - ert gar - den bloom a -  
whole, yes, the whole, Worlds on worlds are hanging on his hands, on his hands, Life and death are waiting his com -



woe,

tree,



thee,  
while.  
mand.

From my heart the burden rolled a - way,  
When my weak - ness leaneth on his might,  
Yet his ten - der bosom makes thee room,

Hap - py day, hap - py day.  
It seems light, it seems light.  
O, come home, O, come home.



'tis for thee.

rolled a-way.

# I need Thee, precious Jesus.

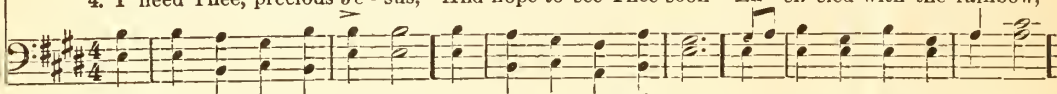
Christ precious in time of need.

Dr. D. O. SMITH.

*Moderately quick.*



1. I need Thee, precious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor; A stranger and a pil-grim,
2. I need Thee, precious Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee, A friend to soothe and pit - y,
3. I need Thee, precious Je - sus, I need Thee, day by day, To fill me with Thy ful-ness,
4. I need Thee, precious Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon En - cir-cled with the rainbow,



I have no earth-ly store; I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my  
A friend to care for me; I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious  
To lead me on my way; I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it To teach me what I  
And seat-ed on Thy Throne; There, with thy blood-bought children My joy shall ev - er



way, To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.  
care, To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.  
am, To show me more of Je - sus, To point me to the Lamb.  
be, To sing Thy prais - es, Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.



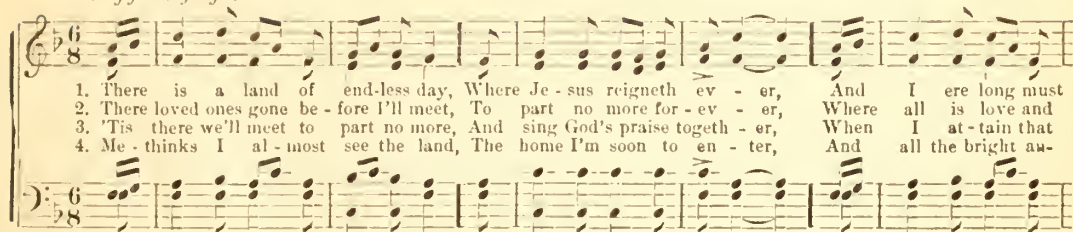


# My Home beyond the River.

17

Words and Music by S. W. TUCKER.

*Easy flowing style.*

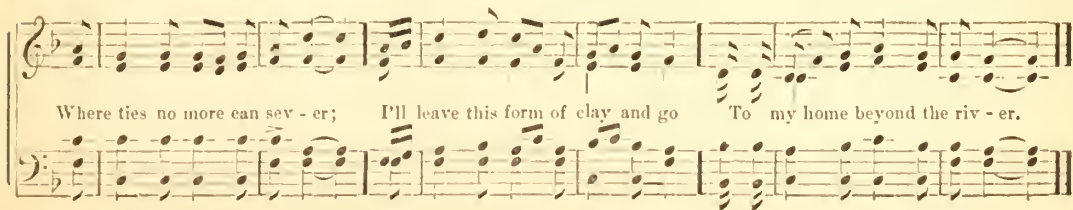


1. There is a land of end-less day, Where Je - sus reigneth ev - er, And I ere long must  
 2. There loved ones gone be - fore I'll meet, To part no more for - ev - er, Where all is love and  
 3. 'Tis there we'll meet to part no more, And sing God's praise togeth - er, When I at - tain that  
 4. Me - thinks I al - most see the land, The home I'm soon to en - ter, And all the bright au -

CHORUS. *f*



pass that way, To my home be-yond the riv - er. Home, home, that's my home,  
 joy and peace, In my home be-yond the riv - er.  
 bliss - ful shore, In my home be-yond the riv - er.  
 gel - ic band, In my home be-yond the riv - er.



Where ties no more can sev - er; I'll leave this form of clay and go To my home beyond the riv - er.

# All must be Well.\*

Words by MARY BOWLY.

*Allegro moderato.*

L. MARSHALL.

1. Thro' the love of God our Sa-viour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa - vor,  
 2. Though we pass thro' tribu - la - tion, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal - va - tion,  
 3. We expect a bright to-mor - row, All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sorrow,

All, all is well; Precious is the blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that sealed us,  
 All, all is well; Hap - py still in God confid - ing, Fruitful if in Christ a-bid - ing,  
 All, all is well; On our Father's love rely - ing, Je - sus ev-ery need sup-ply - ing,

Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us, All must be well.  
 Ho - ly through the Spir - it's guid - ing, All must be well.  
 Or in liv - ing or in dy - ing, All must be well.

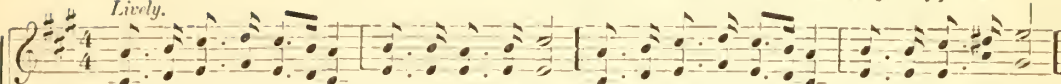
# Brightly gleams our Banner.

19

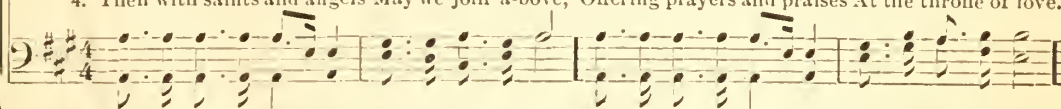
"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains." Isa. 13: 2.

Altered from "Sabbath Songs"—by permission.

*Lively.*



1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward, To their home on high;
2. Je - sus, Lord and Master, At thy sacred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing See thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vie - to - rious O - ver ev - ery foe.
4. Then with saints and angels May we join a - bove, Offering prayers and praises At the throne of love.



Journeying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts u-ni-ted Take our heavenward way.  
Oft - en have we left thee, Oft - en gone astray; Keep us, mighty Sa-viour, In the narrow way.  
Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower, Pardon thou and save us In the last dread hour.  
When the toil is o - ver, Then come rest and peace; Jesus in his beauty, Songs that never cease.



REFRAIN.



Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.



# The Land of Rest.

Words by L. M.

*Allegro moderato.*

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off." Isa. 33: 17.

L. MARSHALL.

1. There is a land of rest, Un-seen by mortal eye, Where all who love the Lord are blest,  
 2. It is a land of peace, Where sor-row is unknown, And heavenly blessings nev - er cease  
 3. We long to see that land, So beau-ti-ful and fair, Where we may sit at God's right hand.  
 4. Our Christ is in that land, Up - on his throne of love, And saints and angels round him stand,

\* CHORUS.

With joys that nev - er die. Shall we meet, shall we meet. shall we meet in that land of rest,  
 In that e - ter-nal home.  
 And sing his prais-es there.  
 And all is bliss a - bove.

We shall meet, we shall meet, we shall meet in that land of rest, land of rest,

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet in that land of rest?....

We shall meet,

we shall meet, we shall meet in that land of rest.

\* Repeat Chorus pp after last verse.

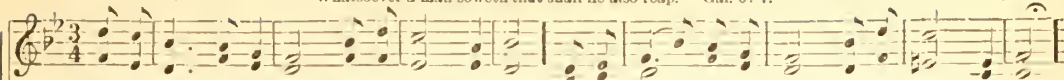
# Seed Time and Harvest.

21

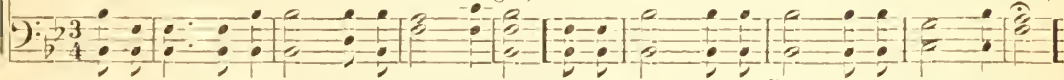
*Not too slow.*

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7.

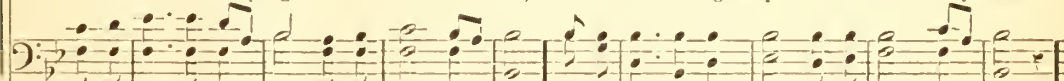
L. M.



1. They are sowing their seed in the day light fair, They are sow-ing their seed in the noonday's glare;
2. They are sowing their seed of word and deed, Which the cold know not nor the careless heed;
3. Some are sow-ing the seed of no - ble deed, With a sleep - less watch and an ear-nest heed;
4. And there are many yet standing with idle hand, Still they're scattering seed throughout the land;
5. Whether sown in darkness or sown in light, Whether sown in weakness or sown in might,



They are sow-ing their seed in the soft twi - light, They are sowing their seed in the soft twi-light,  
Oh, the gen - tlest word and the kind - est deed, That have blest the sad heart in its sor - est need,  
With a cease - less hand in the earth they sow, And the fields are all white - ning where they go.  
And some are sow-ing the seeds of care, Which their soil long has borne and it still must bear.  
Whether sown in weap-ing or sown in wrath, In the broadest high-way or the shad - ovy heath.



CHORUS. *Lively.*

*cres.*

*cres.*



What shall the harvest be?	What shall the harvest be?	Oh, what shall the har - vest be?
Sweet shall the harvest be,	Sweet shall the harvest be,	Oh, sweet shall the har - vest be.
Rich will the harvest be,	Rich will the har - vest be,	Oh, rich will the har - vest be.
Sad will the harvest be,	Sad will the har - vest be,	Oh, sad will the har - vest be.
Sure will the harvest be,	Sure will the har - vest be,	Oh, sure will the har - vest be.





# Our Saviour through this World did pass.

Words by L. M.

(CHRIST PLEADING WITH SINNERS.)

DRANOEL.

*Gentle flowing style.*



1. Our Saviour through this world did pass, A pil-grim on his way, Plead-ing with sin-ners  
2. His love for us is still the same, His prom-i-ses are sure, His power and goodness



to the last, Lab'ring both night and day: For us his precious blood was spilt, For us his life he  
will remain, While earth and time endure; His sov'reign grace let us proclaim, To all the world a-



REFRAIN.

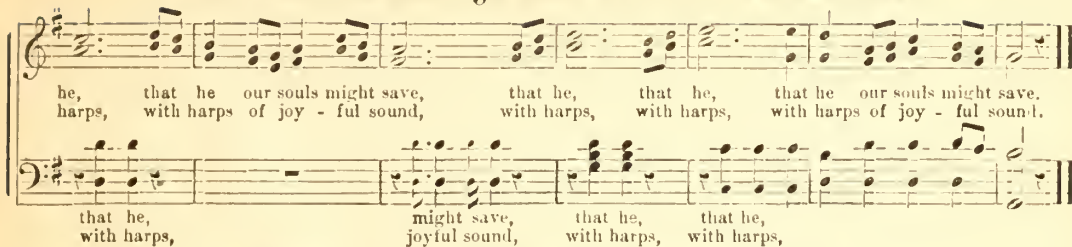
gave, And thus a-toned for all our guilt, That he our souls might save. That he, that  
round, And spread his praise and bless his name, With harps of joyful sound. With harps, with



That he  
With harps

# Our Saviour through this World. Concluded.

23



he, that he our souls might save, that he, that he, that he our souls might save.  
 harps, with harps of joy - ful sound, with harps, with harps, with harps of joy - ful sound.

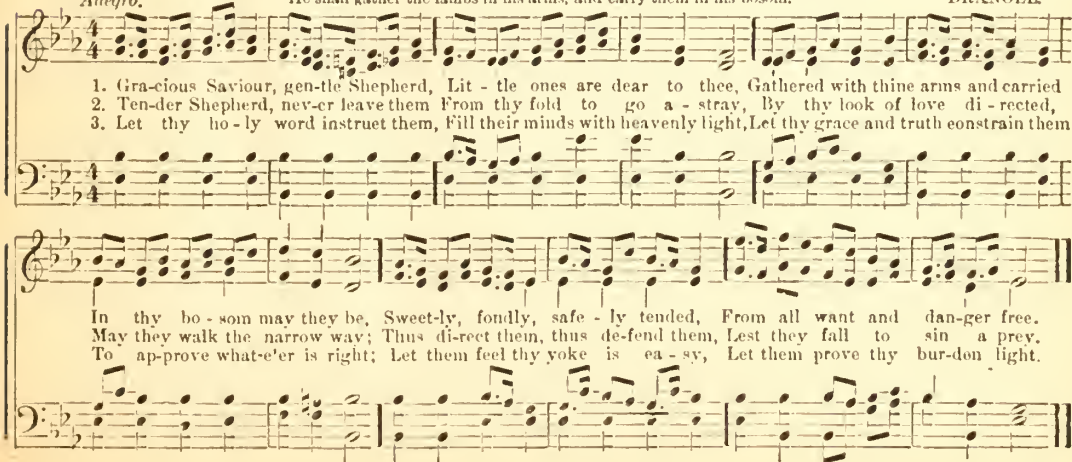
that he, might save, that he, that he,  
 with harps, joyful sound, with harps, with harps,

## Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

*Allegro.*

"He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

DRANOEL



1. Gra-cious Saviour, gen-tle Shepherd, Lit - tle ones are dear to thee, Gathered with thine arms and carried  
 2. Ten-der Shepherd, nev-er leave them From thy fold to go a - stray, By thy look of love di - rected,  
 3. Let thy ho - ly word instruct them, Fill their minds with heavenly light, Let thy grace and truth constrain them

In thy bo - som may they be, Sweet-ly, fondly, safe - ly tended, From all want and dan-ger free.  
 May they walk the narrow way; Thus di-rect them, thus de-fend them, Lest they fall to sin a prey.  
 To ap-prove what-e'er is right; Let them feel thy yoke is ea - sy, Let them prove thy bur-den light.

# Pleasant are the Pastures.\*

Words by Rev. E. A. RAND.

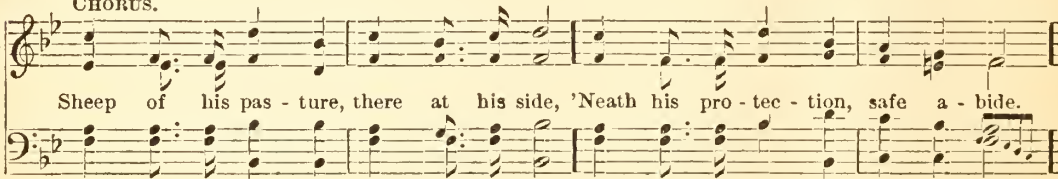
GEO. H. RYDER.



1. Pleasant are the pastures where Jesus feeds his flock, Underneath the shadow of the rock;  
See the Shepherd standing—how gracious is his mien, Standing, waiting, to ad-mit us in.
2. Pleas-ant are the pastures, all eeli - o-ing with song, Where the living wa - ters glide a - long;  
There in peace repos - ing up-on the flow'ry banks, Staying with the Shepherd, we'll sing thanks.
3. Faith-ful is the Shepherd, who careth for the sheep; Nev - er do his eye-lids close to sleep;  
All his flock he knoweth, and calleth them by name; And his love is con-stant-ly the same.
4. Blessed are the weak ones, who on his arms re-pose, Fearing not the fierceness of their foes;  
They shall grow and flourish, who in their Lord abide, Like the tress that grow by riv - ers' side.



## CHORUS.





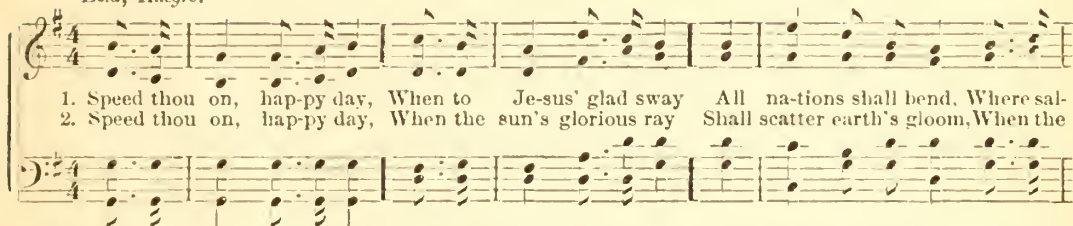
# Speed Thou on.

25

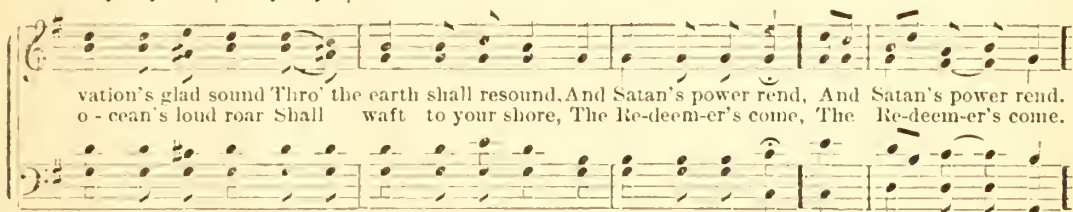
"For they shall all know me from the least unto the greatest. saith the Lord."

Arranged by DRANOEL.

*Bold, Allegro.*

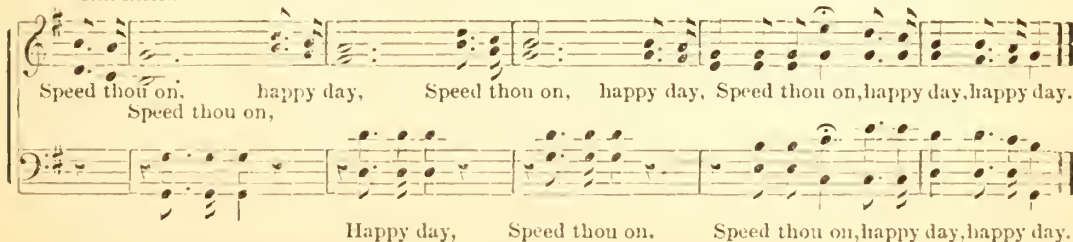


1. Speed thou on, hap-py day, When to Je-sus' glad sway All na-tions shall bend, Where sal-  
2. Speed thou on, hap-py day, When the sun's glorious ray Shall scatter earth's gloom, When the



vation's glad sound Thro' the earth shall resound, And Satan's power rend, And Satan's power rend.  
o - cean's loud roar Shall waft to your shore, The Re-deem-er's come, The Re-deem-er's come.

REFRAIN.



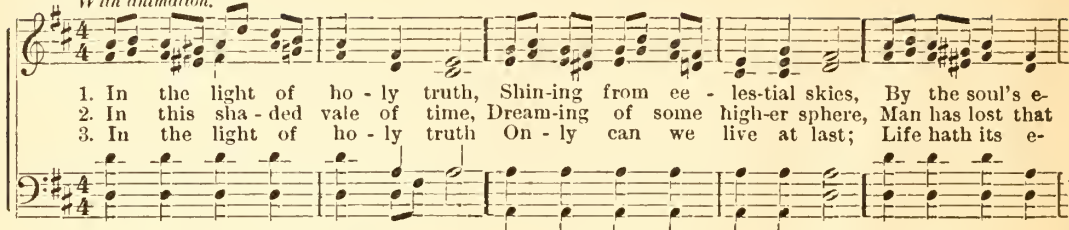
Speed thou on, happy day, Speed thou on, happy day, Speed thou on, happy day, happy day.  
Speed thou on,  
Happy day, Speed thou on, Speed thou on, happy day, happy day.

# In the Light of Holy Truth.

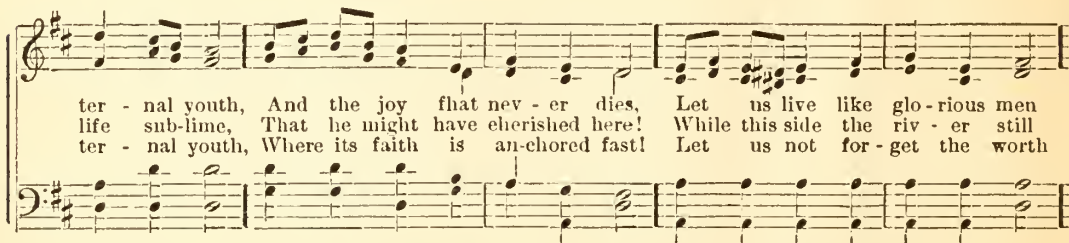
CHARLES WM. BUTLER.

"Let us live like glorious men."

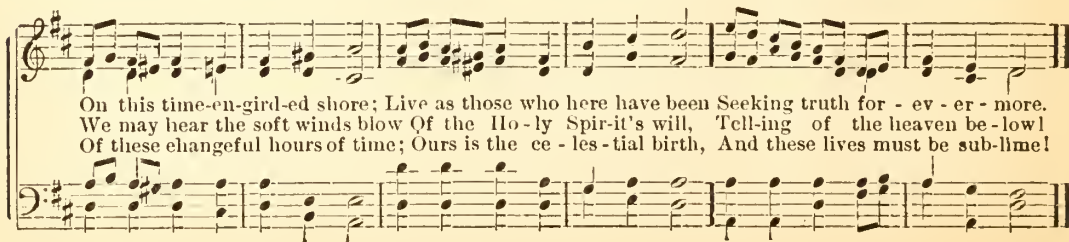
L. M.

*With animation.*


1. In the light of ho - ly truth, Shin-ing from ee - les-tial skies, By the soul's e-  
 2. In this sha-ded vale of time, Dream-ing of some high-er sphere, Man has lost that  
 3. In the light of ho - ly truth On - ly can we live at last; Life hath its e-



ter - nal youth, And the joy that nev - er dies, Let us live like glo-rious men  
 life sub-lime, That he might have eherished here! While this side the riv - er still  
 ter - nal youth, Where its faith is an-chored fast! Let us not for-get the worth



On this time-en-gird-ed shore; Live as those who here have been Seeking truth for - ev - er - more.  
 We may hear the soft winds blow Of the Ho - ly Spir-it's will, Tell-ing of the heaven be-low!  
 Of these changeful hours of time; Ours is the ce - les-tial birth, And these lives must be sub-lime!

# The Master is Coming.

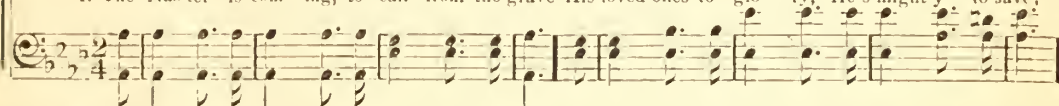
27

G. F. WILSON.

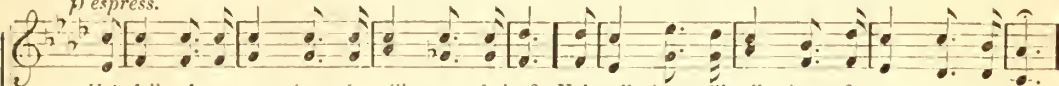
*Allegro moderato.*



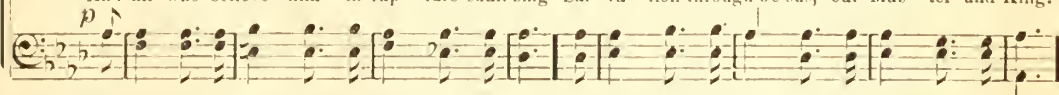
1. The Mas-ter is com-ing, he call-eth for thee, And loved ones are hast'ning their Sa-viour to see;
2. The Mas-ter is coun-ing, receive him and live; O, will you not trust him your sins to forgive;
3. The Mas-ter is com-ing, he eall-eth to-day, A-wake from thy slum-bers to la-bor and pray;
4. The Mas-ter is com-ing, to call from the grave His loved ones to glo-ry, He's might-y to save;



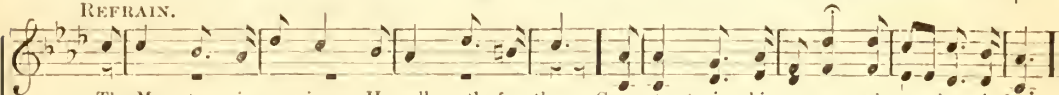
*p espress.*



He's full of compas-sion, why will ye de-lay? He's eall-ing, still call-ing, O, come, come a-way.  
On Cal-va-ry's mountain, 'mid an-guish and pain, Thy ran-som was purchased when Je-sus was slain.  
The morning is break-ing, the noon-tide is near, And eve-ning's dark shad-ows will swift-ly appear.  
And all who believe him in rap-ture shall sing Sal-va-tion through Je-sus, our Mas-ter and King.



REFRAIN.



The Mas-ter is com-ing, He eall-eth for thee; Come, trust in his merey, sal-va-tion is free.



# Cross and Crown.

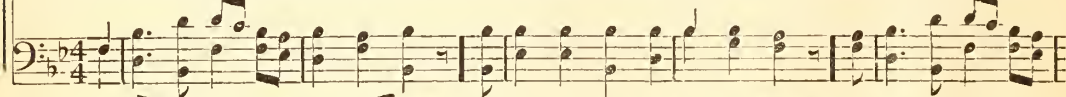
Words by DEXTER SMITH.  
*Allegro.*

"And he bearing his cross went forth." John xix : 17.

Arranged.



1. There is a cross of heav - y weight, For ev - ery human life to bear; There is a chap - let
2. A cross of toil and world - ly grief, A bur - den of suspense and care, Has life imposed up -
3. A crown awaits each faithful heart, Each earnest, self - de - ny - ing soul, That car - ries cheerful -



formed of thorns For each and ev - ery brow to wear. Oh! when the cross of pain and woe Shall  
on us all, And each its heav - y load must bear. The clouds may lower o - ver - head, The  
ly the cross, To death's cold, unre - lent - ing goal. And where the veil shall melt a - way, Dis -



soon for - ev - er be laid down, May we receive in recompense, A beau - ti - ful and fadeless crown.  
bright stars fade before our eyes. Yet faith shall point us out the path Where sacrifice, where du - ty lies.  
closing heaven's endless bliss; The crown of love shall compensate The cross of such a life as this.



# We have Met in Peace Together.

29

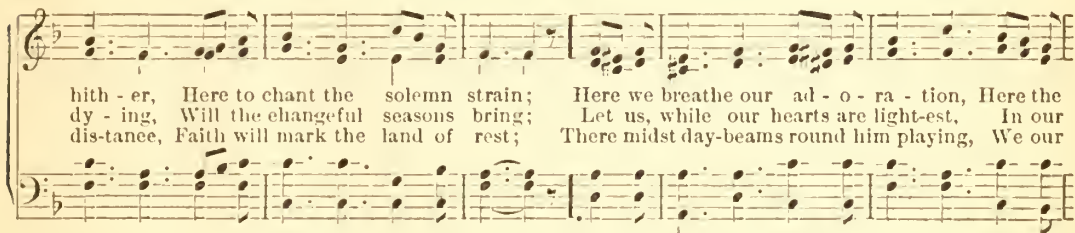
(OPENING OF A SABBATH SCHOOL)

L. MARSHALL.

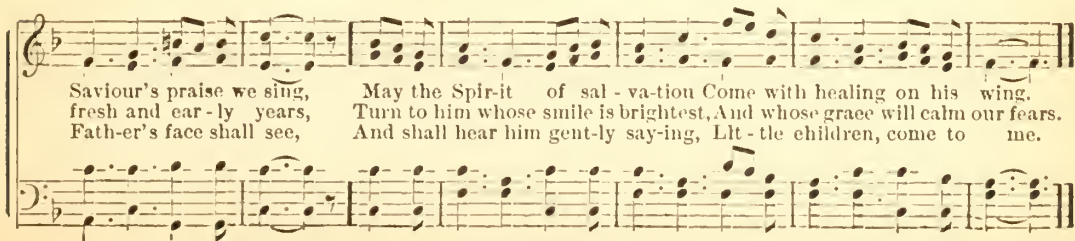
*Not too fast,*



1. We have met in peace to-geth-er, In the house of God a-gain; Constant friends have led us  
 2. We have met and time is fly-ing, We shall part, and still his wing Sweeping o'er the dead and  
 3. He will aid us, should ex-ist-ence With its sorrows sting the breast, Gleaming in the onward



hith-er, Here to chant the solemn strain; Here we breathe our ad-o-ra-tion, Here the  
 dy-ing, Will the change-ful seasons bring; Let us, while our hearts are light-est, In our  
 dis-tance, Faith will mark the land of rest; There midst day-beams round him playing, We our



Saviour's praise we sing, May the Spir-it of sal-va-tion Come with healing on his wing.  
 fresh and ear-ly years, Turn to him whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will calm our fears.  
 Fath-er's face shall see, And shall hear him gent-ly say-ing, Llt-tle children, come to me.



# The Boy who never told a Lie.

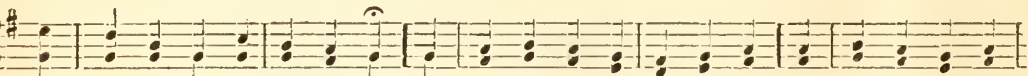
(VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH.)

L. M.

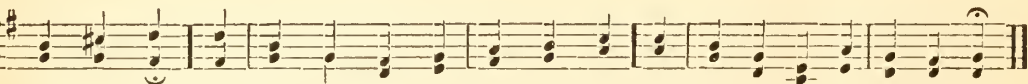
*Lively.*



1. Once, once there was a lit-tle boy, With curly hair and pleasant eye, A boy who always spake the truth,  
2. And ev - ery - bod-y loved him so, Because he always told the truth, That every day as he grew up



And nev-er, nev-er told a lie; And when he trot - ted off to school, The children all a-  
'Twas said there goes the honest youth; And when the people that stood near Would turn to ask the



bout would cry, There goes the curl - y - head - ed boy, The boy who nev-er told a lie.  
rea - son why, The an - swer would be al - ways this, Be-cause he nev-er tells a lie.



# There's nothing like the Bible.

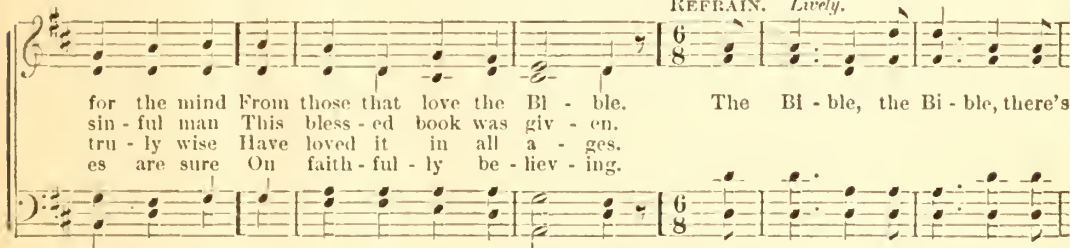
31

Words by GEO. S. GREEN.

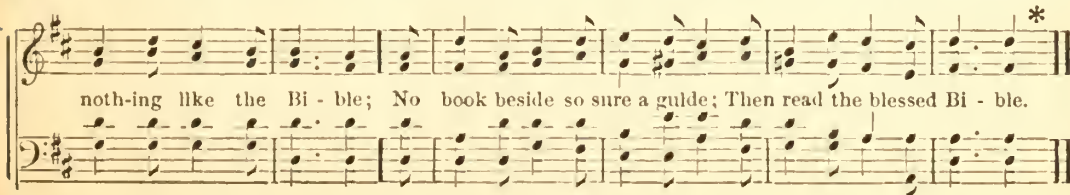
Altered from "Sabbath Songs." - by permission.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. All ye who would true wisdom find, Must shun the base and 1 - dle, And seek In - struction  
2. In it we learn redemption's plan, De - vis - ed by love and heav - en, And as a guide to  
3. Tho' some its sa - cred truths despise, Who nev - er read its pag - es, The great and good and  
4. Its pre - cepts are di - vine - ly pure, No hum - ble mind de - ceiv - ing, And all its prom - is -

REFRAIN. *Lively.*

for the mind From those that love the Bi - ble. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, there's  
sin - ful man This bless - ed book was giv - en.  
tru - ly wise Have loved it in all a - ges.  
es are sure On faith - ful - ly be - liev - ing.



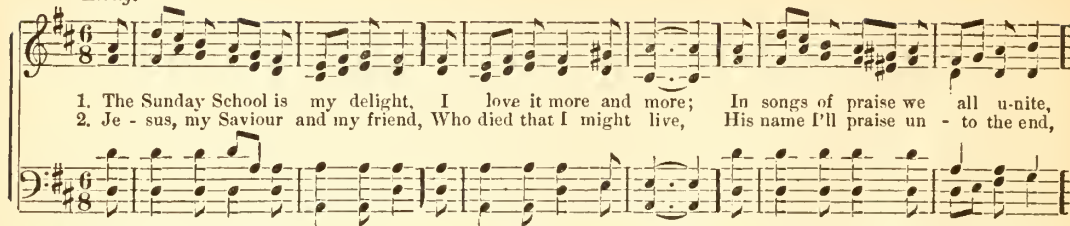
noth - ing like the Bi - ble; No book beside so sure a gulde; Then read the blessed Bi - ble. \*

\* May be repeated.

# The Sunday School is my Delight.

Words by L. M.  
*Lively.*

L. MARSHALL.

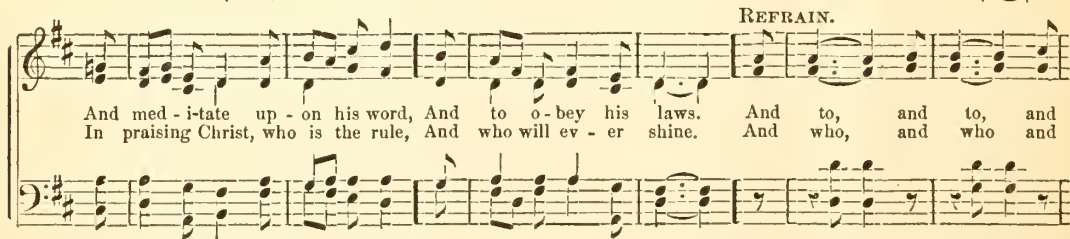


1. The Sunday School is my delight, I love it more and more; In songs of praise we all u-nite,  
2. Je - sus, my Saviour and my friend, Who died that I might live, His name I'll praise un - to the end,



And Christ we do a - dore; I love my Master, Christ the Lord, I love to plead his cause,  
And all the glo - ry give; May all who love the Sunday School U - nite in grace di - vine,

REFRAIN.



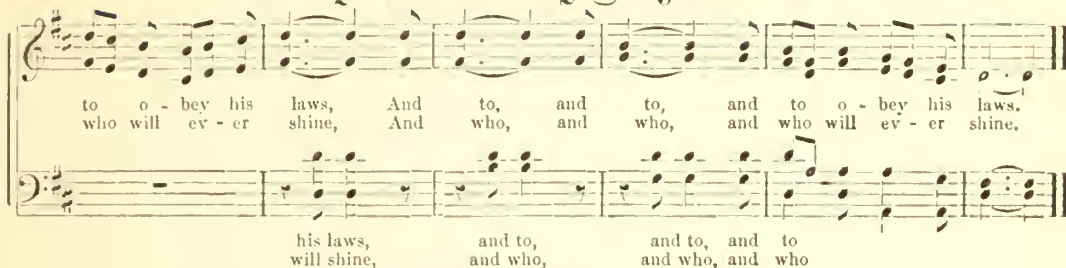
And med - i - tate up - on his word, And to o - bey his laws. And to, and to, and  
In praising Christ, who is the rule, And who will ev - er shine. And who, and who and

And to, and to,  
And who, and who,



# The Sunday School is my Delight. Concluded.

33



to o - bey his laws, And to, and to, and to o - bey his laws.  
 who will ev - er shine, And who, and who, and who will ev - er shine.

his laws, and to, and to, and to  
 will shine, and who, and who, and who

## Blest the Days Returning.

*Allegro moderato.*

DR. L. MASON.



1. Blest the days return-ing, When the Saviour rose, Ho-ly thoughts a - wak - ing, While de - vo - tion glows;  
 2. Great is the sal - va - tion Sounded in our ears, Sweet the in - vi - ta - tion Which the hum-ble hears,  
 3. Let our minds be wakeful, Foolish thoughts away, Let our hearts be grate - ful Ev - ery Sab-bath day,

CHORUS.



And we learn the sto - ry, Of the Lord of glo - ry, Kind and mer - ei-ful, In the Sabbath School.  
 As we learn the sto - ry, Of the God of glo - ry, Kind and mer - ei-ful, In the Sabbath School.  
 While we learn the sto-ry Of the Lord of glo - ry, Kind and mer - ei-ful, In the Sabbath School.

# O, Come to Jesus Early.

(THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION TO CHILDREN.)

Words by L. M.

L. MARSHALL.

*Larghetto.*

1. O, come to Je - sus ear - ly, Come now while in thy youth, All who are meek and  
 2. He now is kind - ly wait - ing, In - vit - ing you to come, In words of love he's

low - ly, Shall find the way, the truth; O come, he will re - ceive you,  
 say - ing, All vice and sin to shun; O come, then, to the Sa - viour,

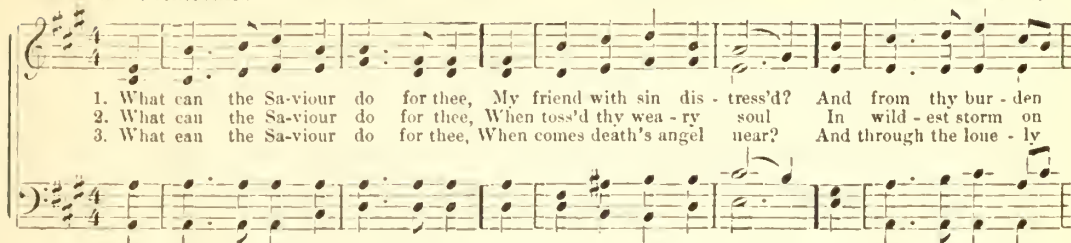
And fold you to his breast; He nev - er will forsake you, He'll save you with the blest.  
 O, come with - out de - lay, And he will bless you ev - er In realms of end - less day.

# What Can the Saviour Do for Thee?

35

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

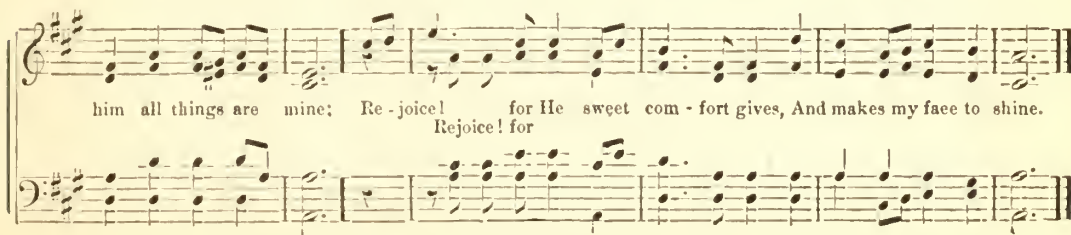


1. What can the Sa-viour do for thee, My friend with sin dis - tress'd? And from thy bur - den  
 2. What can the Sa-viour do for thee, When toss'd thy wea - ry soul In wild - est storm on  
 3. What can the Sa-viour do for thee, When comes death's angel near? And through the lone - ly

CHORUS.



set thee free, And give thy spir - it rest? Re - joice! for me Im - man - uel lives, Thro'  
 life's deep sea, Where high the bil - lows roll? Rejoice! for me  
 vale shall be Thy path to man - sions clear.



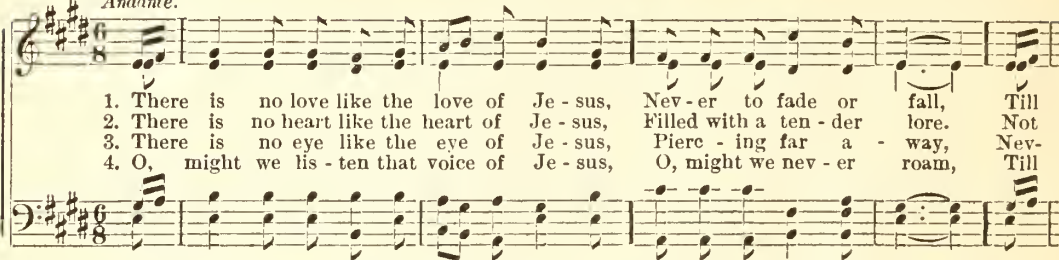
him all things are mine; Re - joice! for He sweet com - fort gives, And makes my face to shine.  
 Rejoice! for

# There is no Love like the Love of Jesus.\*

Words by W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

"Unto him that hath loved us."

L. B. MARSHALL.

*Andante.*


1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, Till  
 2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der lore. Not  
 3. There is no eye like the eye of Je - sus, Pierc - ing far a - way, Nev -  
 4. O, might we lis - ten that voice of Je - sus, O, might we nev - er roam, Till

CHORUS.



into the fold of the peace of God He hath gath - ered us all. Yet I know my Saviour  
 a throb or a throe our hearts can know, But he suf - fered be - fore.  
 er out of sight of its tender light Can the wan - der - er stray.  
 our souls shall rest in peace on his breast, In the heav - en - ly home.



loves me, His cleansing blood will save; May my heart and soul adore him, Then Jordan's tide I'll brave.

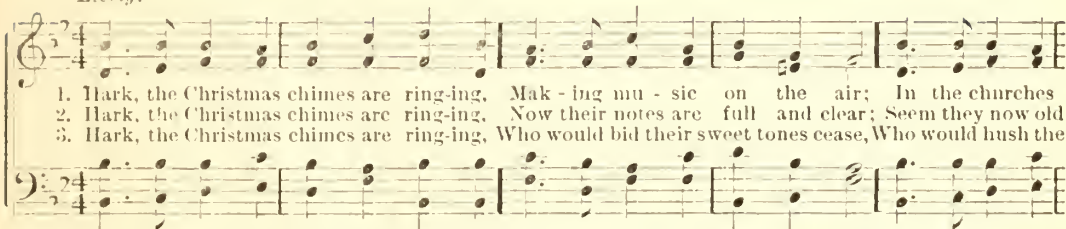
# Hark, the Christmas Chimes are Ringing.

37

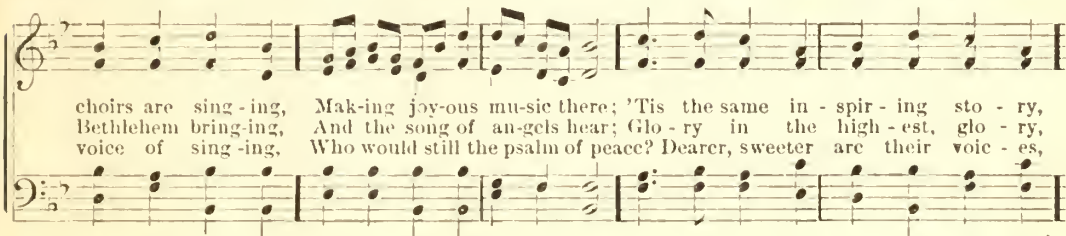
Words by CHARLES WM. BUTLER.

(CHRISTMAS HYMN.)

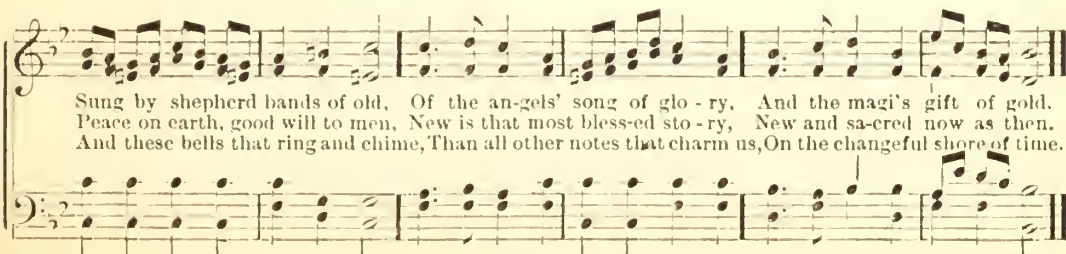
L. M.

*Lively.*

1. Hark, the Christmas chimes are ring-ing, Mak-ing mu-sic on the air; In the churches  
2. Hark, the Christmas chimes are ring-ing, Now their notes are full and clear; Seem they now old  
3. Hark, the Christmas chimes are ring-ing, Who would bid their sweet tones cease, Who would hush the



choirs are sing-ing, Mak-ing joy-ous mu-sic there; 'Tis the same in-spir-ing sto-ry,  
Bethlehem bring-ing, And the song of an-gels hear; Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry,  
voice of sing-ing, Who would still the psalm of peace? Dearer, sweeter are their voic-es,



Sung by shepherd bands of old, Of the an-gels' song of glo-ry, And the magi's gift of gold.  
Peace on earth, good will to men, New is that most bless-ed sto-ry, New and sa-cred now as then.  
And these bells that ring and chime, Than all other notes that charm us, On the change-ful shore of time.

# The Babe of Bethlehem.\*

Rev. E. P. DYER.

(CHRISTMAS HYMN.)

T. BISSELL.

*Lively.*

1. All hail the peer - less night, Lit by un-wont - ed light, When Bethlehem's  
 2. Glo - ry to God on high, The God who rules the sky, Good will to  
 3. Born of a Jew - ish maid, In Bethlehem's man - ger laid, His head lies  
 4. Yes, Christ was born to bleed, Such was our dread - ful need, That through his

star o'er Beth - lehem's man - ger hung, While on Ju - de - a's plains  
 men and ho - ly peace on earth, I seem to hear them sing;  
 pil - lowed on a vir - gin's breast; And did he stoop so low,  
 death our sins might be for - given; Yet reigns he now on high,

The wake - ful shepherd swains Saw an - gel forms and heard the songs they sung.  
 They make the wel - kin ring With songs of joy at our Re-deem - er's birth.  
 Did he the throne fore - go To raise us to the heav'n - ly rest?  
 And soon shall ev - ery eye Be - hold his ad - vent in the clouds of heaven.



# Glad Tidings of Great Joy I Bring.

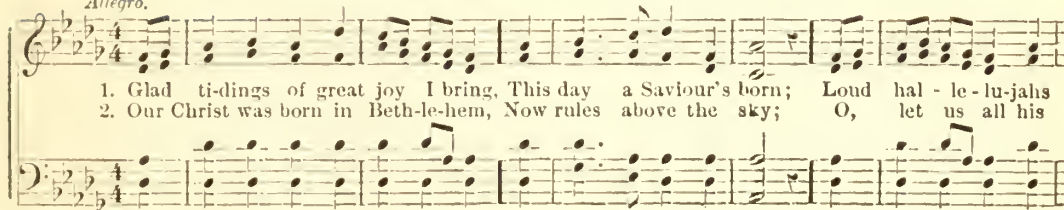
39

(CHRISTMAS HYMN.)

L. M.

L. M.

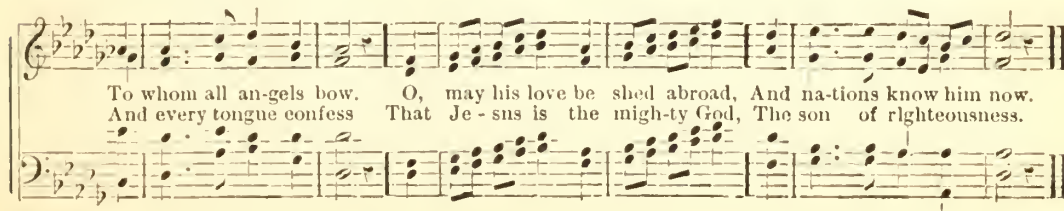
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

*Allegro.*

1. Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, This day a Saviour's born; Loud hal - le - lu-jahs  
2. Our Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, Now rules above the sky; O, let us all his



let us sing, And hail the joy - ful morn; He is the Lord, the might-y God,  
grace proclaim, And shout his hon - ors high; O, may all peo - ple learn his word,



To whom all an-gels bow. O, may his love be shed abroad, And na-tions know him now.  
And every tongue confess That Je - sus is the might-y God, The son of righteousness.

# Wake with Glad Sounds, ye Bells.

Miss H. AUGUSTA BARNES.

(CHRISTMAS MORNING.)

L. B. MARSHALL.

1. Wake with glad sounds, ye bells,    Peal through the morn-ing sky,    Let na - ture ech - o  
 2. Wake, wake with joy - ful peals,    Rouse all to greet this day,    In glad ho-san - nas  
 3. Bring glad - ness to our homes,    To cheer us on our way,    Where old and young to-

back the strain, And hills and vales re - ply;    For this most joy - ful day  
 praise his name, And hom - age to him pay;    For he was good and wise,  
 geth - er meet, On this bright Christ-mas day.    May each their gifts of love

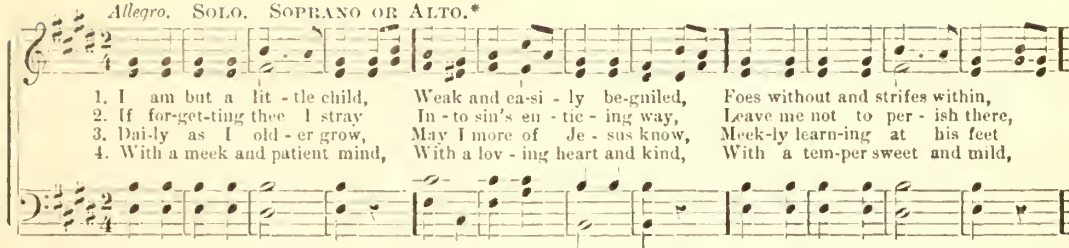
We hail again with pride, In which our Saviour Christ was born, The happy Christmas-tide.  
 The child of Beth-le-hem, Born in a home of low - ly mien, Yet sought by ho-ly men.  
 As of-ferings to him bring, And on this Christmas day's return His prais-es ev - er sing.

# I am but a Little Child.

41

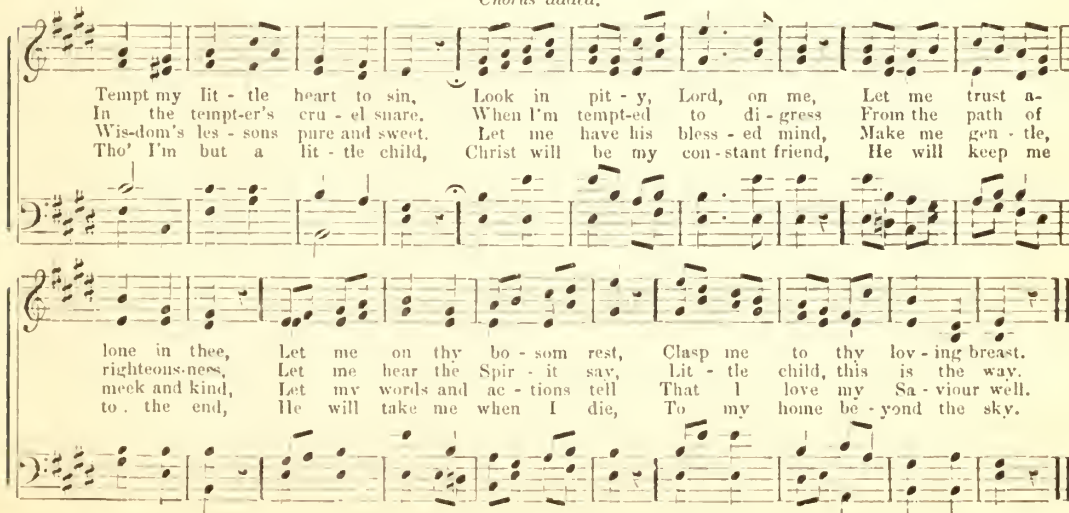
MOZART.

*Allegro. SOLO. SOPRANO OR ALTO.\**



1. I am but a lit - tle child, Weak and ea - si - ly be - guiled, Foes without and strifes within,  
 2. If for - get - ting thee I stray In - to sin's en - tic - ing way, Leave me not to per - ish there,  
 3. Dai - ly as I old - er grow, May I more of Je - sus know, Meek - ly learn - ing at his feet  
 4. With a meek and patient mind, With a lov - ing heart and kind, With a tem - per sweet and mild,

*Chorus added,*



Tempt my lit - tle heart to sin, Look in pit - y, Lord, on me, Let me trust a -  
 In the tempt - er's cru - el snare, When I'm tempt - ed to di - gress From the path of  
 Wis - dom's les - sons pure and sweet, Let me have his bless - ed mind, Make me gen - tle,  
 Tho' I'm but a lit - tle child, Christ will be my con - stant friend, He will keep me

lone in thee, Let me on thy bo - som rest, Clasp me to thy lov - ing breast.  
 righteous - ness, Let me hear the Spir - it say, Lit - tle child, this is the way.  
 meek and kind, Let my words and ac - tions tell That I love my Sa - viour well.  
 to the end, He will take me when I die, To my home be - yond the sky.

\* May be sung as a quartet if preferred.


# He is not Here.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Luke 24: 5, 6.

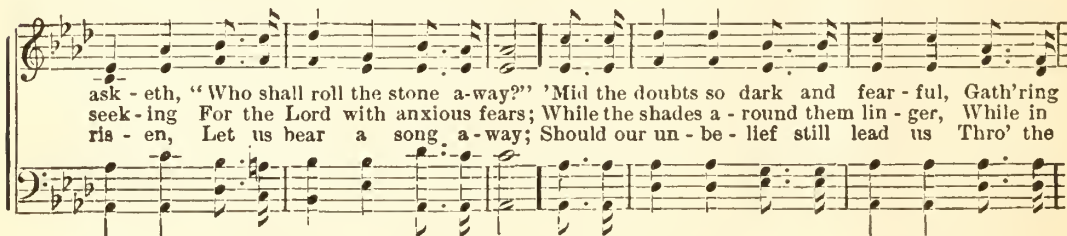
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

(EASTER HYMN.)

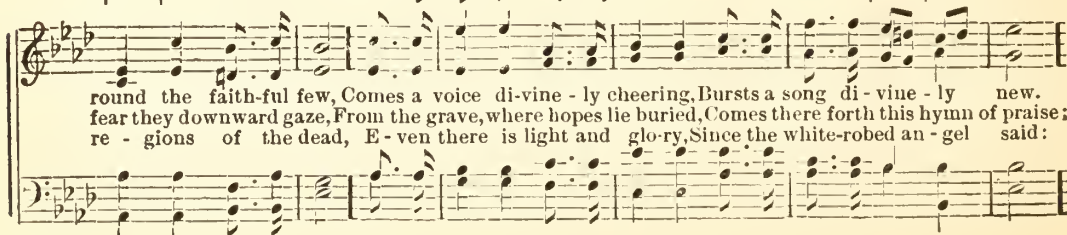
J. H. TENNEY.



1. Tho' the morning scarcely breaketh, Love no long - er can de - lay, Seeking for the lost one,  
 2. Thro' the twilight dim - ly peer - ing, Blinded by the fall - ing tears, Sorrowing hearts are vainly  
 3. E - ven now our faith is blind - ed, Lin - gers near the grave to - day, But we know that Christ has



ask - eth, "Who shall roll the stone a - way?" 'Mid the doubts so dark and fear - ful, Gath'ring  
 seek - ing For the Lord with anxious fears; While the shades a - round them lin - ger, While in  
 ris - en, Let us bear a song a - way; Should our un - be - lief still lead us Thro' the



round the faith - ful few, Comes a voice di - vine - ly cheering, Bursts a song di - vine - ly new.  
 fear they downward gaze, From the grave, where hopes lie buried, Comes there forth this hymn of praise;  
 re - gions of the dead, E - ven there is light and glo - ry, Since the white-robed an - gel said:

# He is not Here. Concluded.

43

CHORUS.

“Fear ye not, the Lord has ris - en, Go ye forth with hope and joy,  
Haste, for yon - der ye shall meet him, Praise shall soon your lips em - ploy.”

The musical score is written for a chorus in two parts (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and homophonic, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## To-day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.  
*Allegro moderato.*

L. M.

1. To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'ers come; O, ye benighted souls, Why long-er roam.  
2. To-day the Saviour calls, O, hear him now, With-in these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.  
3. To-day the Saviour calls, For ref - uge fly, The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.  
4. The Spirit calls to-day, Yield to his power, O, grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

The musical score is written for a single part in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and homophonic, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# Let every Heart Rejoice and Sing.

(THE GOODNESS OF GOD TO OUR COUNTRY CELEBRATED.)

Words by H. S. WASHBURN.

J. M. WHITE.

*8: Lively.*



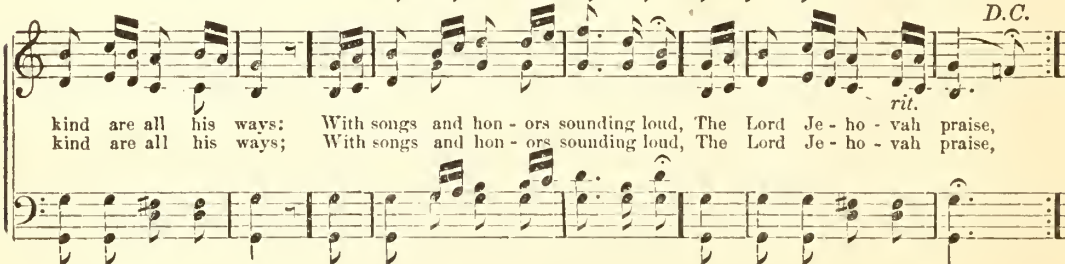
1. Let ev - ry heart re - joice and sing; Let cho - ral anthems rise; Ye rev - 'rend men and  
D.C. While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, Aglo - rious anthem raise: Let each pro-long the  
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; And earth, sub-dued to

*Fine.*



chil - dren, bring To God your sac - ri - fice; For he is good; the Lord is good, and  
grate - ful song, And the God of our fath - ers praise. For he is good; the Lord is good, and  
him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throue; For he is good; the Lord is good, and

*D.C.*



kind are all his ways: With songs and hon - ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise,  
kind are all his ways; With songs and hon - ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise,



# Jesus Little Children Loves.

45

Words by L. M.  
*Lively but not too fast.*

L. MARSHALL.



1. Je - sus lit - tle chll-dren loves, He delights to hear them sing, Coo-ing like the  
2. Come then, children, while ye may, Seek the Saviour's pard-'ning love, So when called from



gen - tle doves, In the pleas-ant days of spring; He is call - ing them to him,  
earth a - way, You may meet with him a - bove; In that land so pure and bright,



Say - ing, I will give you rest, He will free them from their sin, He will fold them to his breast.  
There where partings never come, There may all in songs u - nite, Praising Christ the ho - ly one.



# I Want to be like Jesus.

L. MARSHALL.

*Lively but not too fast.*

1. I want to be like Je - sus, So love - ly and so meek, For no one mark'd an  
2. I want to be like Je - sus, En-gaged in do - ing good, So that it may of

an - gry word, That ev - er heard him speak. I want to be like Je - sus,  
me be said, "He hath done what he could." A - las! I'm not like Je - sus,

For I nev-er, nev-er find That he, tho' per-se-cu-ted, Was to an - y one un-kind.  
As an - y one may see; O gentle Saviour, send thy grace, And make me like to thee.

# The Saviour's Call.

47

Words by DRANOEL.

L. M.

*Allegro moderato.*

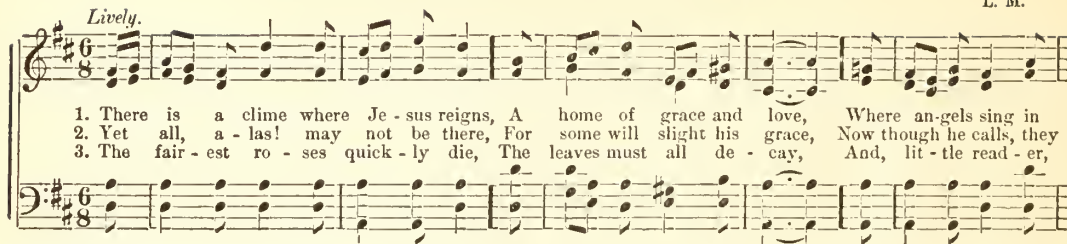
1. Be - hold the Sav - iour call - ing, Call - ing for you and me, O, may we heed his  
2. All praise be un - to Je - sus, The bless - ed Lamb of God, Who from our sins has

warn - ing, And hap - py we shall be; He'll fold us in his bo - som,  
freed us, That we may serve the Lord; We will for - ev - er praise him,

There we may safe - ly rest; And in the land of glo - ry We'll be for - ev - er blest.  
And bless his ho - ly name, And strive throughout all a - ges To spread the Saviour's fame.

# There is a Clime where Jesus Reigns.

L. M.

*Lively.*


1. There is a clime where Je - sus reigns, A home of grace and love, Where an - gels sing in  
 2. Yet all, a - las! may not be there, For some will slight his grace, Now though he calls, they  
 3. The fair - est ro - ses quick - ly die, The leaves must all de - cay, And, lit - tle read - er,



sweet - est strains Of his re - deem - ing love; And chil - dren too will join to bless  
 do not care To turn and seek his face; He says to all, Come un - to me,  
 you and I As soon may fade a - way; Then let us ear - ly watch and pray,



The precious Saviour's name, Clothed in his per - fect righteousness. And saved from sin and shame.  
 And I will give you rest; Oh, lin - ger not, but haste to be With his sal - va - tion blest.  
 And seek the things a - bove; And may the Spir - it day by day Re - veal a Saviour's love.

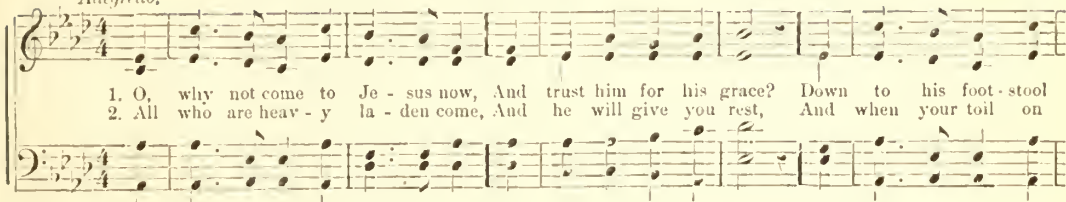
# O, why not Come to Jesus Now?

43

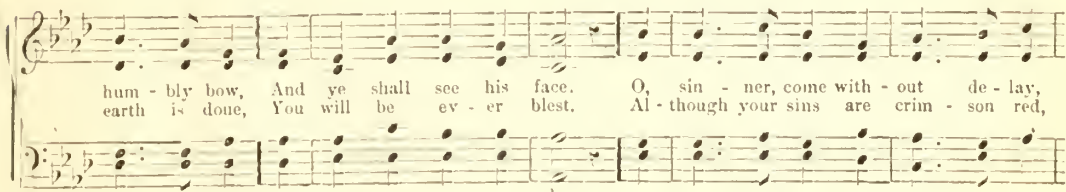
L. M.

(AN INVITATION TO COME TO JESUS.)

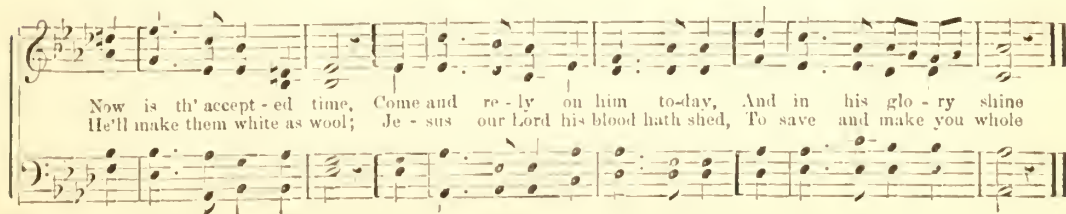
L. MARSHALL.

*Allegretto.*

1. O, why not come to Je - sus now, And trust him for his grace? Down to his foot - stool  
2. All who are heav - y la - den come, And he will give you rest, And when your toil on



hum - bly bow, And ye shall see his face. O, sin - ner, come with - out de - lay,  
earth is done, You will be ev - er blest. Al - though your sins are crim - son red,



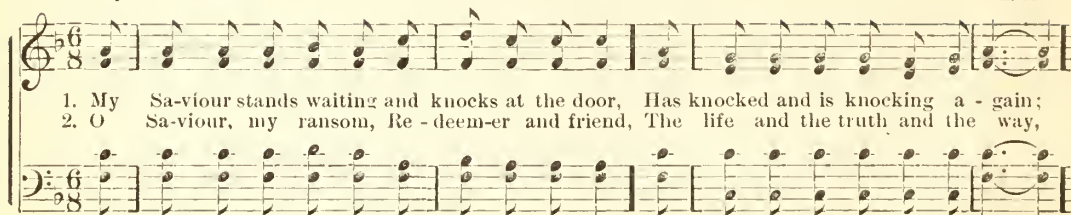
Now is th' accept - ed time, Come and re - ly on him to - day, And in his glo - ry shine  
He'll make them white as wool; Je - sus our Lord his blood hath shed, To save and make you whole

# Knocking at the Door.\*

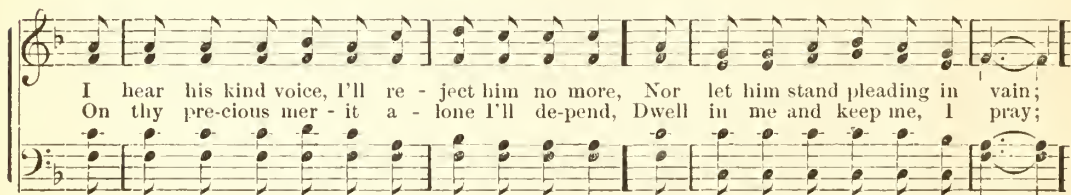
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3: 20.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

L. M.



1. My Sa-viour stands waiting and knocks at the door, Has knocked and is knocking a - gain;  
2. O Sa-viour, my ransom, Re - deem-er and friend, The life and the truth and the way,



I hear his kind voice, I'll re - ject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain;  
On thy pre-cious mer - it a - lone I'll de-pend, Dwell in me and keep me, I pray;



In in - fi - nite mer - cy he came from a-bove, To ransom, to cleanse me from sin;  
Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart, 'Tis o - pen in welcome to thee;

\* "Sabbath Songs"—by permission.



# Knocking at the Door. Concluded.

51

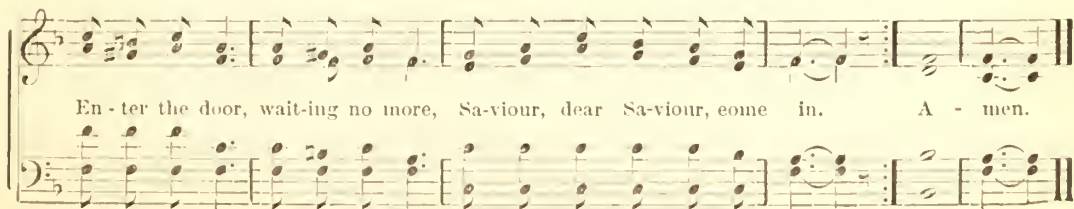


I'll yield to the voice of his mer - ci - ful love, And let my dear Saviour come in.  
Come in, bless - ed Sa - viour, and nev - er de - part, Come in with thy mer - ey to me.

CHORUS.\*



Sa - viour, come in, cleanse me from sin, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, come in, come in;



En - ter the door, wait - ing no more, Sa - viour, dear Sa - viour, come in. A - men.

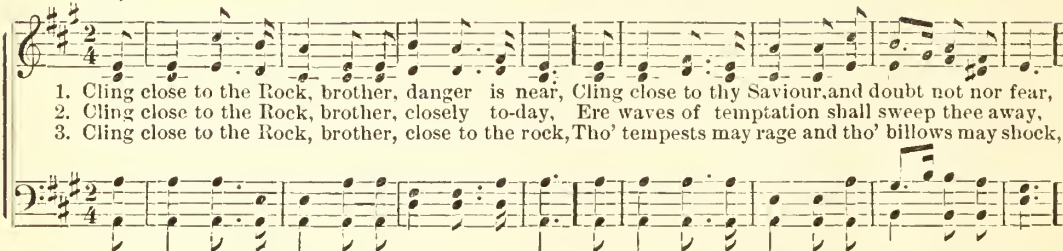
\* Repeat pp. after second verse, before the Amen.

# Cling Close to the Rock.\*

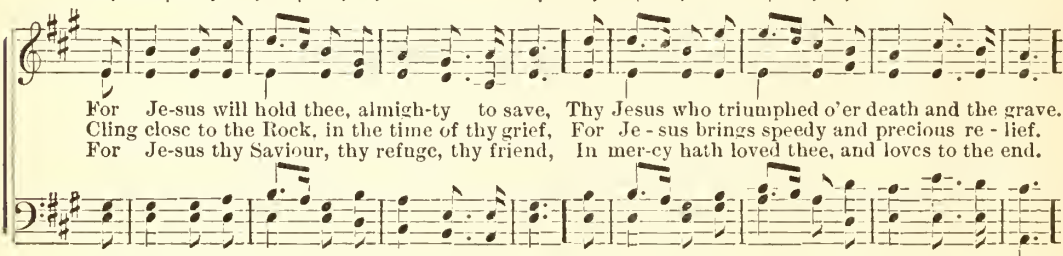
Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.  
*Firm.*

"Lead me to the rock." Psalm 61: 2.

L. MARSHALL.

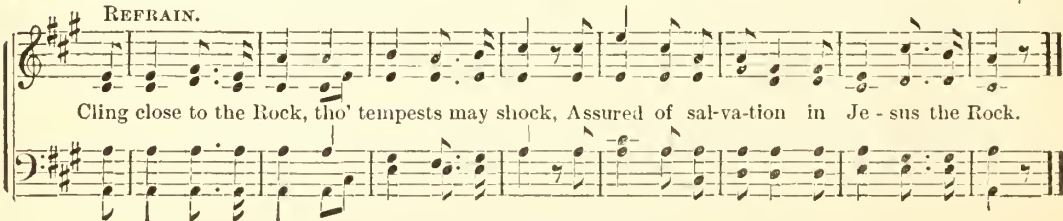


1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near, Cling close to thy Saviour, and doubt not nor fear,  
2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to-day, Ere waves of temptation shall sweep thee away,  
3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the rock, Tho' tempests may rage and tho' billows may shock,



For Je-sus will hold thee, almighty to save, Thy Jesus who triumphed o'er death and the grave.  
Cling close to the Rock, in the time of thy grief, For Je-sus brings speedy and precious re-lief.  
For Je-sus thy Saviour, thy refuge, thy friend, In mer-cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

## REFRAIN.



Cling close to the Rock, tho' tempests may shock, Assured of sal-va-tion in Je-sus the Rock.

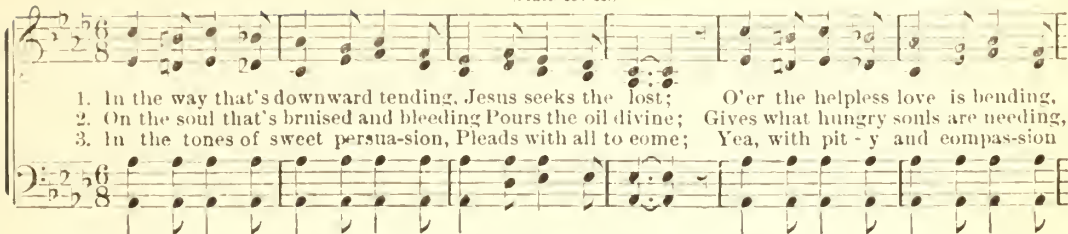
# Seeking the Lost.

53

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY

(Matt. 18: 11.)



1. In the way that's downward tending, Jesus seeks the lost; O'er the helpless love is bending,  
2. On the soul that's bruised and bleeding Pours the oil divine; Gives what hungry souls are needing,  
3. In the tones of sweet persua-sion, Pleads with all to come; Yea, with pit - y and compas-sion

## CHORUS. *Very spirited.*



Saves with greatest cost. Hear the an - gel voice-es! Joy and grace abound; Heav'n with earth re-  
Cheers with bread and wine.  
Brings the waud'rer home.



joic - es, For the lost is found. Heav'n with earth re-joic - es, For the lost is found.

# Before Thy Gracious Throne, O Lord.

Words by Rev. E. P. DYER.  
*Andantino.*

(PREVAILING PRAYER.)

L. M.

1. Be - fore thy gra - cious throne, O Lord, En - trust - ed with pa - ren - tal care,  
 2. We thank thee for the pre - cious gifts With which our mor - tal lives are blest,  
 3. Yet, Lord, to mar our sweet - est joy What fears commin - gle day by day,  
 4. Oh! grant us grace their feet to guide In wis - dom's ways of peace and truth,  
 5. We yield them up to thee, O Lord, And on thine arms our bur - den cast,

Ma - ter - nal hearts would hum - bly bow, And of - fer the pre - vail - ing prayer.  
 We thank thee for the tide of love Which swells each fond ma - ter - nal breast.  
 Lest Sa - tan tempt our children's hearts, And lure their lit - tle feet a - stray.  
 And fill their souls with faith and love, Dear Sa - viour, in their ear - ly youth.  
 Thou on - ly canst their feet di - rect, And save their pre - cious souls at last.

## Meditation.

DRANOEL

*Rather slow.*

1. 'Thro' the pleas - ures of the day, When I read and when I pray,  
 2. When the sun with - draws his light, And I go to rest at night,  
 3. Till I lift my heart in prayer, For my heav - en - ly Fath - er's care,

# Meditation. Concluded.

55



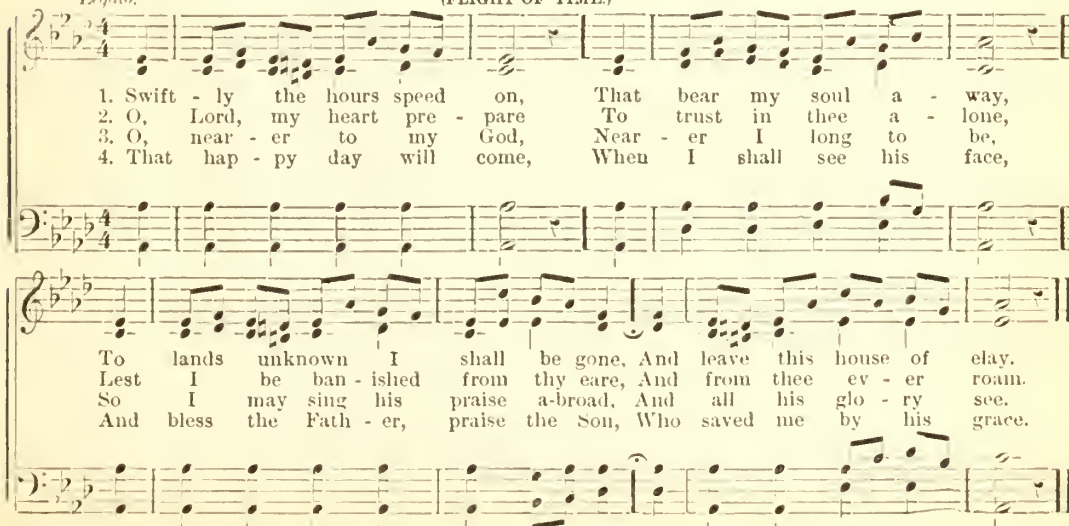
Let me ev - er keep in view, God is see - ing all I do.  
 Let me nev - er lay my head Down to rest up - on my bed,  
 Pray - ing him to kind - ly make Me his child for Je - sus' sake.

Words by L. M.  
*Legato.*

## Swiftly the hours speed on.

(FLIGHT OF TIME.)

DRANGOEL



1. Swift - ly the hours speed on, That bear my soul a - way,  
 2. O, Lord, my heart pre - pare To trust in thee a - lone,  
 3. O, near - er to my God, Near - er I long to be,  
 4. That hap - py day will come, When I shall see his face,

To lands unknown I shall be gone, And leave this house of clay.  
 Lest I be ban - ished from thy eare, And from thee ev - er roam.  
 So I may sing his praise a - broad, And all his glo - ry see.  
 And bless the Fath - er, praise the Son, Who saved me by his grace.

# March Along.

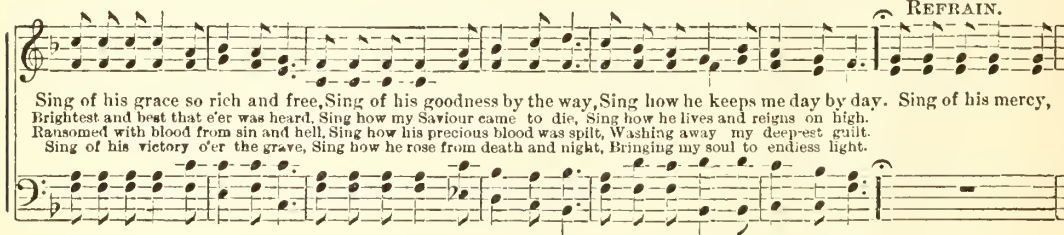
Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR—by permission.

*Lively.*

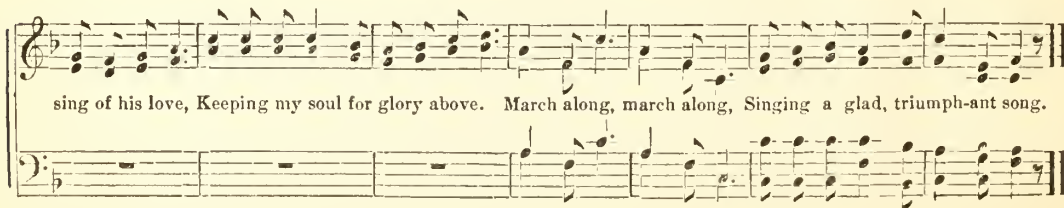


1. March a-long, march a-long, Singing a glad, triumph - ant song, Sing of the love of God to me,  
 2. March a-long, march a-long, Singing a glad, triumph - ant song, Sing what he tells me in his word,  
 3. March a-long, march a-long, Singing a glad, triumph - ant song, Sing how he loved my soul so well,  
 4. March a-long, march a-long, Singing a glad, triumph - ant song, Sing of my Je - sus, strong to save,

REFRAIN.



Sing of his grace so rich and free, Sing of his goodness by the way, Sing how he keeps me day by day. Sing of his mercy,  
 Brightest and best that e'er was heard, Sing how my Saviour came to die, Sing how he lives and reigns on high.  
 Ransomed with blood from sin and hell, Sing how his precious blood was spilt, Washing away my deepest guilt.  
 Sing of his victory o'er the grave, Sing how he rose from death and night, Bringing my soul to endless light.



sing of his love, Keeping my soul for glory above. March along, march along, Singing a glad, triumph-ant song.



# Greeting.

57

L. MARSHALL

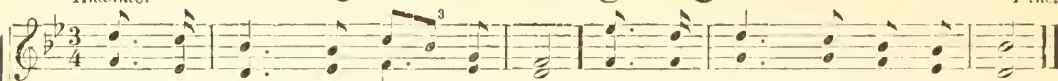
*Allegro moderato.*

1. We wish to greet you all to-day, With words both good and true, It is to tell you  
 2. We love the ho - ly Sabbath day, So peace-ful, calm and still, We love to go to  
 3. We love the God that made us too, And all that's just and true, We love to hear of  
 4. We love to do what-e'er is good, And ask for light and grace, And nev - er do an

what we love, And what we love to do. We love the eheer-ful sum-mer time,  
 Sun - day school, And learn our Mak - er's will; We love the ho - ly Son of God,  
 heavenly joys, And what good peo - ple do; We love to do what - ev - er's good,  
 e - vil deed, And seek to die in peace; Then what a glo-rious Sun-day school

With all its birds and flow'rs; We love the pure and happy joys Of youth's delightful hours.  
 And all his gospel says; We love dear parents, teachers, friends, Who lead us in good ways.  
 And walk in wisdom's way; We love to join the peo - ple too, Who sing, and teach, and pray.  
 Will Christians have above, Where ev - 'ry tongue in perfect praise Will sing a Saviour's love.

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD—by permission, *Fine.**Andante.*

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea,  
 Chart and com - pass came from thee, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.  
 2. When th' A - pos - tles' frag - ile bark Struggled with the bil - lows dark,  
 And when they be - held thy form, Safe they guid - ed thro' the storm.  
 3. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild,  
 Won - drous sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.

*D. C.*

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;  
 On the storm - y Gal - i - lee Thou didst walk up - on the sea,  
 Boisterous waves o - bey thy will, When thou sayst to them be still.



DODDRIDGE.

*Allegro moderato.*

## See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stand.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

(CHRIST'S CONDESCENDING REGARD TO LITTLE CHILDREN.)



1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With all en - gag - ing charms,  
 2. Per - mit them to ap - proach, he cries, Nor scorn their hum - ble name,  
 3. We bring them, Lord, by fer - vent prayer, And yield them up to thee,  
 4. If or - phans they are left be - hind, Thy guard - ian care we trust.



# See Israel's Gentle Shepherd. Concluded.

59

Hark! how he calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in his arms, And folds them in his arms.  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of an-gels came, The Lord of an-gels came.  
 With hum-ble trust that we are thine, Thine let our off-spring be, Thine let our off-spring be.  
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts, If weep-ing o'er their dust, If weep-ing o'er their dust.

## Ho! Little Thirsty One.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isaiah 55: 1.

Words by Rev. E. PORTER DYER.

L. M.

1. Ho! lit - tle thirst - ing one, Come to the wa - ters, come, Tho' mon - ey thou hast none, The  
 2. Why wilt thou mon - ey spend For that which is not bread? Why toil till life shall end, Yet  
 3. In - cline thy will - ing ear, And ear - ly come to me, For if thy soul shall hear, Its

Sa - viour bids thee come, Yea, buy and eat, both milk and wine, While love di-vine makes both most sweet.  
 leave thy soul un-fed? Eat that is good, and let de-light Thy soul in-voke to heav-en-ly food.  
 por - tion life shall be, A por-tion this which shall en-dure, And will in-sure the dawn of bliss.

# Ever Gracious, Loving Saviour.

 DRANOEL,  
*Fine.*

1. Ev - er gra - cious, lov - ing Sav - iour, Come, and bless us from on high;  
 D. C. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Bless - ed Sav - iour, To thy pres - ence from we would fly;  
 2. We no ref - uge have but Je - sus, To Who the soul from death can save.  
 Bless - ed Sav - iour, Bless - ed hu - man la - bors Un - til peace in thine aid be - stow.  
 3. Vain are all our Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Help and mer - cy to us show.

Give to us thy liv - ing wa - ter, May we drink and nev - er die.  
 He from ev - 'ry dan - ger frees us, And re - deems us from the grave.  
 But thou wait - est to be gra - cious, All our weak - ness thou dost know.

## Farewell, Dear Friend.

(DEATH OF A TEACHER.)

 Arranged from MEHUL.  
*Fine.*

*Rather slow.*

1. Fare - well, dear friend, a long fare - well, For we shall meet no more, }  
 Till we are in dust with thee to dwell On Zi - on's hap - py shore. }  
 D. C. Has made in its si - lent bed, And there it must de - cay.  
 2. Fare - well, dear friend, a gain fare - well, How great our joys shall be; }  
 And when we meet, no tongue can tell To rise and join thee there. }

# Farewell, Dear Friend. Concluded.

61  
D.C.

Our friend and broth - er, lo! is dead, The cold and life - less clay  
No more we'll mourn thee, part - ed friend, But lift our ar - dent prayer,

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.  
*Allegro.*

## Jesus, Master, whose I am.

Dr. L. MASON.

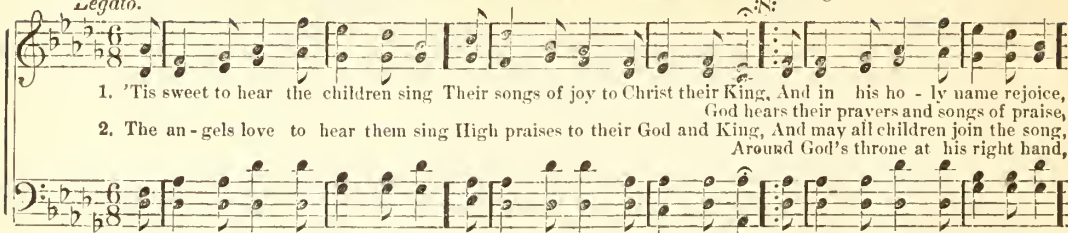
1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Purchased thine a - lone to be, By thy blood, O spotless Lamb, Shed so wil - ling -  
2. Oth - er lords have long held sway, Now thy name a - lone to bear, Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly,  
3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am thine, Keep me faith - ful, keep me near, Let thy presence in me shine, All my homeward  
ly for me, Let my heart be all thine own, Let me live to thee a - lone.  
hourly prayer; Whom have I in heaven but thee? Nothing else my joy can be.  
way to cheer; Je - sus, at thy feet I fall, O be thou my all in all.



Words by L. M.  
*Legato.*

# 'Tis Sweet to hear the Children Sing.

DRANOEL.



1. 'Tis sweet to hear the children sing Their songs of joy to Christ their King, And in his ho - ly name rejoice,  
God hears their prayers and songs of praise,  
2. The an - gels love to hear them sing High praises to their God and King, And may all children join the song,  
Around God's throne at his right hand,



*Fine.* *D.C.*

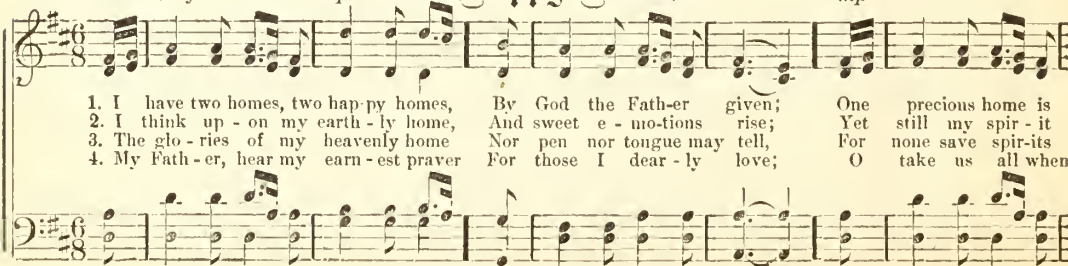
While praising him with heart and voice. 'Tis thus they sing, 'tis thus they pray, Up-on the ho - ly Sabbath day;  
And blesses them thro' all their days.  
In rapturous notes the sound prolong. And when they've sung their last glad song, They'll go to join the ransomed throng  
And sing and praise at his command.



Words by EMILY CARROLL.  
*Andante. mf*

## Two Happy Homes.\*

NATHAN BARKER.  
*mp*



1. I have two homes, two hap - py homes, By God the Fath - er given; One precious home is  
2. I think up - on my earth - ly home, And sweet e - mo - tions rise; Yet still my spir - it  
3. The glo - ries of my heavenly home Nor pen nor tongue may tell, For none save spir - its  
4. My Fath - er, hear my earn - est prayer For those I dear - ly love; O take us all when

\* From Sabbath Songs—by permission.



# Two Happy Homes. Concluded.

63

*mf* *cres.*

here on earth, My oth - er is in heav - en, My oth - er is in heav - en.  
long to reach My home a - bove the skies.  
same - ti - fied In that bright land may dwell.  
life is o'er To our bright home a - bove, To our bright home a - bove.

*dim. p*

*Not too fast.*

## Gracious Shepherd, Loving Saviour.

L. MARSHALL

1. Gra - cious Shepherd, lov - ing Sav - iour, Draw our chil - dren's hearts to thee;  
Safe with in thy fold - ed Im - po - tent quick - ly gath - ered be.  
2. With - out thee all hu - man ef - fort save them, But all power is given to thee.  
3. On thy side thy self can cast them, Bring - ing them in faith to thee.  
4. Teach them, Lord, what peace and pleas - ure In thy self and ways must be.  
5. From the world and Sa - tan's bond - age, From the O flesh and O set them free,  
In their hearts be faith in plant - ed, Love and ho - li - ness, by thee.

Gra - cious Sav - iour, gra - cious Sav - iour, Draw our chil - dren's hearts to thee.

# Again with Grateful Hearts we Come.

Words by C. HOWES.  
*Allegretto.*

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN.)

L. MARSHALL.

1. A - gain with grate - ful hearts we come, On this our an - ni - ver - sary day;  
 2. Stern win - ter with his frost and snow, And chill - ing winds, has passed a - way;  
 3. The earth renewed, with ver - dure clothed, The woods and fields speak forth his praise;  
 4. Then let us join, while na - ture sings, And swell the cho - rus loud and high,

To praise the Lord with heart and voice, And un - to him de - vout - ly pray.  
 And gor - geous spring, so blithe and fair, Has ush - ered in this glo - rious day.  
 While birds in sweet - est notes pro - claim His power and love in tune - ful lays.  
 With prais - es to the King of kings, Whose good - ness fills the earth and sky.

## Purer Yet and Purer.

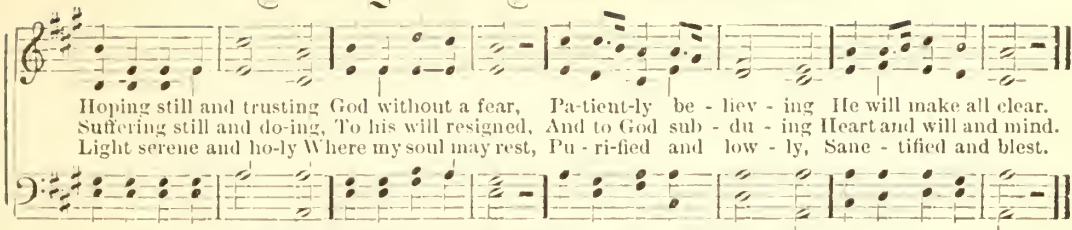
*Lively.*

T. FOWNES.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - ery du - ty find.  
 2. Calm - er yet and calm - er Tri - al bear and pain, Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain.  
 3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light.

# Purer Yet and Purer. Concluded.

65



Hoping still and trusting God without a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear.  
Suffering still and do-ing, To his will resigned, And to God sub-du-ing Heart and will and mind.  
Light serene and ho-ly Where my soul may rest, Pu-ri-fied and low-ly, Sane-tified and blest.

## Who shall lead Thy Child to Thee?

Words by FURNESS.

*Andante.*

L. M.



1. Fee-ble, help-less, how shall I Learn to live and learn to die?  
2. Bless-ed Fath-er, gra-cious one, Thou hast sent thy on-ly Son,  
3. Thus in deed and thought and word, Led by Je-sus Christ the Lord,  
4. Learn to live in peace and love, Like the per-fect ones a-bove,

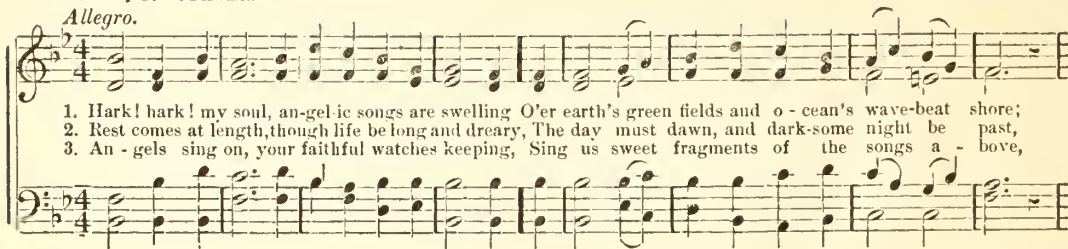
Who, O God, my guide shall be, Who shall lead thy child to thee?  
He will give the light I need, He my trem-bling steps will lead.  
In my weak-ness thus shall I Learn to live and learn to die.  
Learn to live with-out a fear. Feel-ing thee, my Fath-er, near.

# Angel Voices.

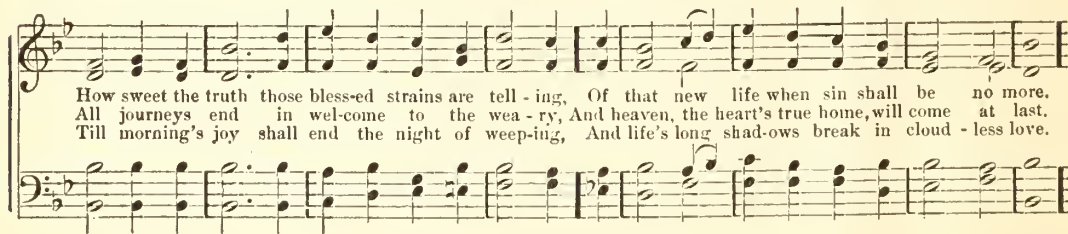
Words by F. W. FABER.

DRANOEL.

*Allegro.*



1. Hark! hark! my soul, an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;  
 2. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and dark-some night be past,  
 3. An - gels sing on, your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove,



How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 All journeys end in wel-come to the wea - ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing, And life's long shad-ows break in cloud - less love.

REFRAIN.



An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of night.

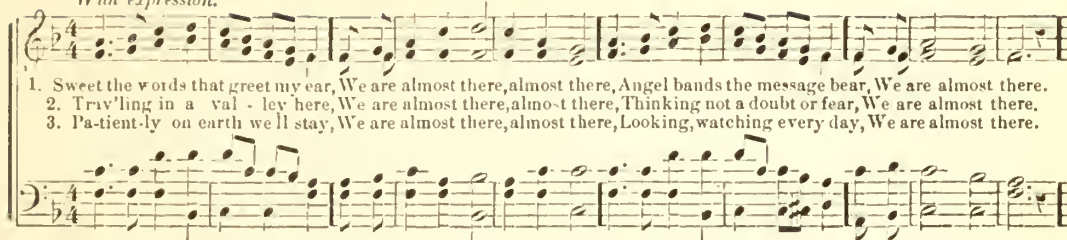
# We are Almost There.

67

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

L. MARSHALL.

*With expression.*

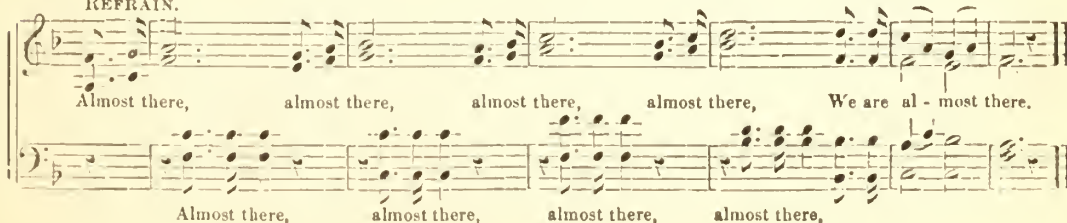


1. Sweet the words that greet my ear, We are almost there, almost there, Angel bands the message bear, We are almost there.  
2. Trav'ling in a val - ley here, We are almost there, almost there, Thinking not a doubt or fear, We are almost there.  
3. Pa-tient-ly on earth we'll stay, We are almost there, almost there, Looking, watching every day, We are almost there.



Just a lit-tle while be-low, Then eter-nal joys we'll know, And a Saviour's glories show; We are al-most there.  
Just a few more storms shall come, And we reach our heavenly home, From it we shall never roam; We are al-most there.  
Soon in heaven we all shall meet, Round the blessed mercy-seat, There we'll bow at Je-sus' feet; We are al-most there.

## REFRAIN.



Almost there, almost there, almost there, almost there, We are al-most there.  
Almost there, almost there, almost there, almost there,



# Lord, Teach a Little Child to Pray.

L. M.

*Slow.*

1. Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray, And oh, ac - cept my prayer,  
 2. A lit - tle spar - row can - not fall, Un - no - ticed, Lord, by thee,  
 3. Teach me to do what - e'er is right, And when I sin for - give,

Thou hear - est all the words I say, For thou art eve - ry - where.  
 And tho' I am so young and small Thou car - est still for me.  
 And make it still my chief de - light To love thee while I live.

## One Sweet Flower has Drooped and Faded.

Words by WATERSTON.

(DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.)

L. MARSHALL.

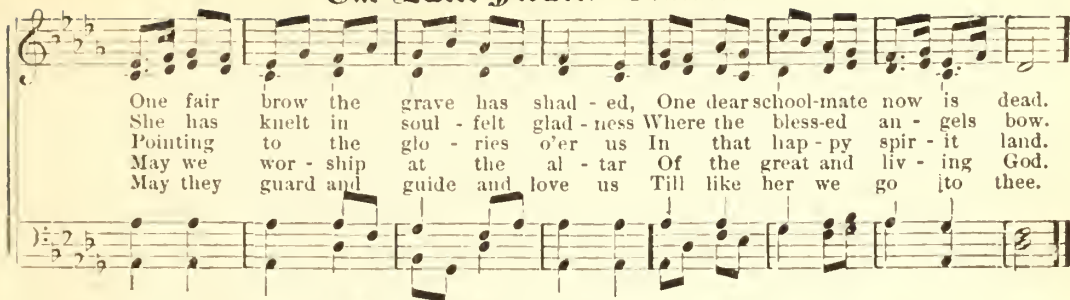
*Not too fast—with expression.*

1. One sweet flower has drooped and fa - ded, One sweet in - fant voice hath fled,  
 2. But we feel no thought of sad - ness, For our friend is hap - py now,  
 3. She has gone to Heaven be - fore us, But she turns and waves her hand,  
 4. May our foot - steps nev - er fal - ter In the path that she has trod,  
 5. Lord, may an - gels watch a - bove us, Keep us all from sor - row free,



# One Sweet Flower. Concluded.

69



One fair brow the grave has shad - ed, One dear school-mate now is dead.  
 She has knelt in soul - felt glad - ness Where the bless - ed an - gels bow.  
 Pointing to the glo - ries o'er us In that hap - py spir - it land.  
 May we wor - ship at the al - tar Of the great and liv - ing God.  
 May they guard and guide and love us Till like her we go to thee.

Sacred Songs  
*Lively.*

## Swell the Anthem, Raise the Song. (THANKSGIVING.)

L. M.



1. Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long;  
 2. Bless - ings from his lib - eral hand Flow a - round this hap - py land;  
 3. Here be - neath a vir - tuous sway May we cheer - ful - ly o - bey;  
 4. Hark! the voice of na - ture sings Prais - es to the King of kings;

Saints and an - gels join to sing Prais - es to the heaven - ly King.  
 Kept by him no foes an - noy, Peace and free - dom we en - joy.  
 Nev - er feel op - pres - sion's rod, Ev - er own and wor - ship God.  
 Let us join in cha - ral song, And the grate - ful notes pro - long.

# We come to Sing to Christ our King.

Words by JOHN C. PROCTOR.

L. MARSHALL.

1. We come to sing to Christ our King,  
 2. And when in heaven, with sins forgiven,  
 3. Yes, then we'll sing to Christ our King,  
 4. With wav - ing palm and echoing psalm

A hymn of joy and love,  
 We join the ransom'd throng,  
 A hymn of roy - al praise,  
 We'll sing to Christ our God,

And  
 With  
 We'll  
 Wor-

to Christ our King, of joy and love,

high we raise our notes of praise  
 harp and voice we will re - joice,  
 shout the song, its notes pro - long  
 thy is he who died for me,

To him en-thron'd a - bove,  
 And Christ shall be our song.  
 Thro' those e - ter - nal days.  
 And washed me in his blood.

our notes of praise,

## How Sweet is the Day.

*Allegretto.*

Dr. L. MASON.

1. How sweet is the day, When leaving our play, The Saviour to seek, The Saviour to seek;  
 2. The Sabbath bell rings, The full choir now sings, The min-is - ter prays, The min-is - ter prays;  
 3. The dear place of prayer, Our teachers are there, To point us a - bove, To point us a - bove;  
 4. To school, then, we'll go, For sure-ly we know Our Sabbaths must end, Our Sabbaths must end;

# How Sweet is the Day. Concluded.

71

The fair morn-ing glows When Je-sus a-rose, The best in the week, The best in the week,  
And God's ho-ly word De-vout-ly is heard On all Sab-bath days, On all Sab-bath days,  
Their hearts burn with zeal That chil-dren may feel The Sav-iour's kind love, The Sav-iour's kind love,  
O then to theskies, Redeemed may we rise To Je-sus our friend, To Je-sus our friend.

*Andante.*

## The Release.

Arranged by L. M.

1. When shall I see the day that ends my woes, }  
When shall I vic-tory gain o'er all my foes, }  
2. A crown of glo-ry bright by faith I see, }  
In yon-der realms of light pre-pared for me, }  
3. Je-sus, be thou my guide, my steps at-tend, }  
O keep me near thy side, be thou my friend, }  
4. O how I long to see that hap-py day, }  
When sor-row, sin and pain shall flee a-way. }

When will the trum-pet sound  
O may I faith-ful prove,  
Be thou my shield and sun,  
When all the heaven-ly tribes

That calls the ex-ile home, The grand Sab-bat-ic year, When will it come?  
And keep the prize in view. And thro' the storms of life My way pur-sue.  
My Sav-iour's guard, And when my work is done, My great re-ward.  
Shall reach their long-sought home; The ju-bi-lee of heaven, When will it come?

# Jesus, I my cross have taken.

GRANT.

MOZART.

*Lively.*

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee; Na - ked, poor, des -  
 2. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me; 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast: Life with tri - als

pired, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shall be: And whilst thou shalt smile up - on me,  
 hard may press me; Heaven will bring me sweet - er rest; O, 'tis not in grief to harm me

God of wisdom, love and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me. Show thy face, and all is bright.  
 While thy love is left to me; O, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

# I will a Little Pilgrim be.

73

Words and Music by W. . HEATH.

*Allegro moderato.*



1. I will a lit - tle pil - grim be, Resolved a - lone to fol - low thee, Thou Lamb of God, who
2. I will a lit - tle pil - grim be, And try my best to fol - low thee, Where God is sit - ting
3. I will a lit - tle pil - grim be, And when thou callest un - to me, I know that I shall



*rit.*

*a tempo.*

CHORUS.

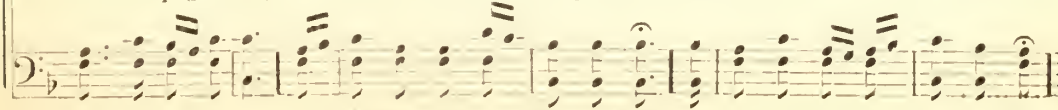


now art gone Up to the ev - er - last - ing throne. I will a pil - grim be, I  
on his throne, To wel - come lit - tle chil - dren home.  
then re - joice, To hear the sound of thy dear voice.



*rit.*

will a pilgrim be; I will a lit - tle pil - grim be, Resolved a - lone to fol - low thee.





# Onward, Christian Soldiers.\*

Rev. S. B. GOULD.

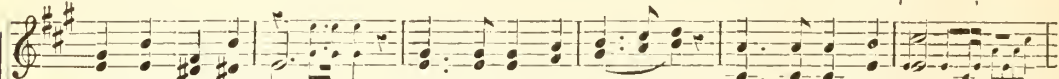
*March movement.*

"Take unto you the whole armor of God." Eph. 6: 10.

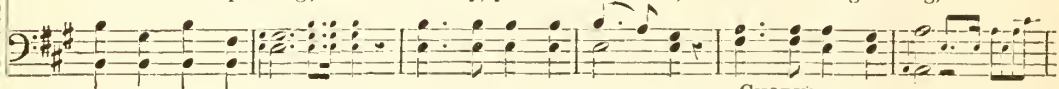
T. BISSELL.



- |                                  |                           |                               |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Onward, Christian sol-diers,  | Marching as to war,       | With the cross of Je - sus    |
| 2. Like a migh-ty ar - my        | Moves the church of God,  | Brothers, we are tread - ing  |
| 3. Crowns and thorns may perish, | Kingdoms rise and wane,   | But the church of Je - sus    |
| 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple,   | Join our hap - py throng, | Blend with ours your voic-es, |



Go - ing on be-fore;	Christ the roy - al Mas - ter	Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod;	We are not di - vid - ed,	All one bod - y we,
Constant will re-main;	Gates of hell can nev - er	'Gainst that church prevail,
In the triumph song;	Glo - ry, praise and hon - or,	Men and angels sing,



CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle	See his banners go.	Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine,	One in char - i - ty.	
We have Christ's own promise,	Which can nev - er fail.	
Thro' the countless a - ges,	Un - to Christ the King.	





# Onward, Christian Soldier. Concluded.

75

Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

## To Jesus, the Crown of my Hope.

Words by COWPER.

"Longing to be with Christ."

L. M.

*Andante.*

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone,  
O, bear me, ye cher - u - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.  
Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min - ion and power,  
2. Dis - solve thou these bonds that de - tain My soul from her por - tion in thee,  
O, strike off this ad - a - mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.  
Nor grieve an - y more by my sins The bo - som on which I re - cline.

My Sa - viour, whom ab - sent I love, Whom not hav - ing seen I a - dore,  
When that hap - py e - ra be - gins, When ar - rayed in thy glo - ries they shine,

# Easter Hymn.

Easter Hymn by H. WARE, Jr.

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high."

L. MARSHALL.

*Cheerfully.*

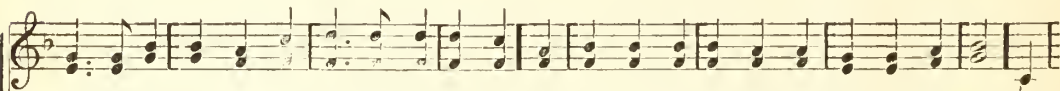


FOR EASTER.

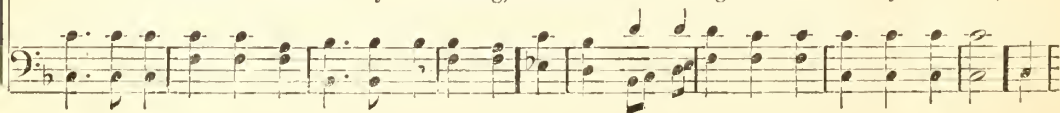
1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en and man can-not die;
2. Glo - ry to God in full anthems of joy, The be - ing he gave us death cannot de-destroy;

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si - ah is King;

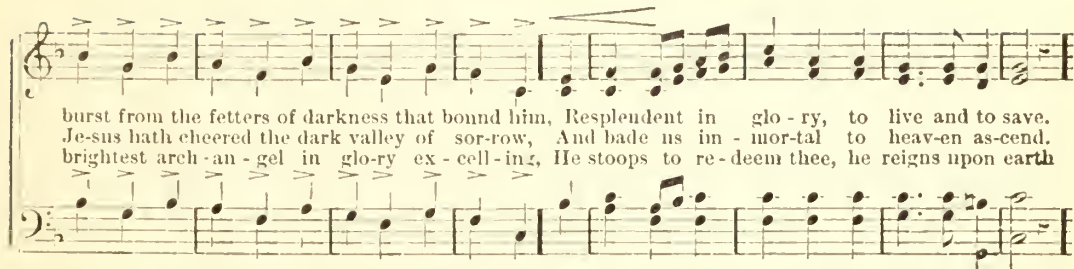


Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the dominion of death and the grave; He  
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow, If tears were our birthright and death were our end; But  
Zi - on the mar-vel - ous sto - ry be tell-ing, The son of the highest how low - ly his birth; The



# Easter Hymn. Concluded.

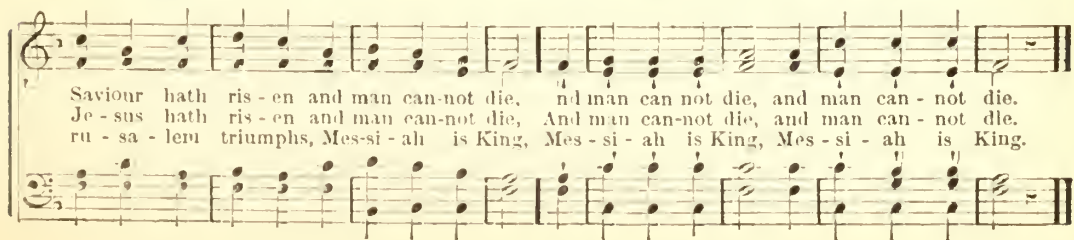
77



burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo - ry, to live and to save.  
 Je - sus hath cheered the dark valley of sor - row, And bade us in - mor - tal to heav - en as - cend.  
 brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns upon earth



Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high, The Saviour hath ris - en and man can - not die; The  
 Lift then your voic - es in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en and man can - not die; For  
 Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Me - si - ah is King; Je -



Saviour hath ris - en and man can - not die, and man can not die, and man can - not die.  
 Je - sus hath ris - en and man can - not die, And man can - not die, and man can - not die.  
 ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

# The Heavenly Recompense.

Words by Rev. H. BONAR.

L. MARSHALL.

*Lively.*

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crowned. These are the palms that  
 2. These are the robes unsoiled and white Which we shall then put on, When first among the  
 3. That is the cit - y of the saints Where we so soon shall stand, When we shall strip these  
 4. Come crown and throne, come robe and palm, Burst forth, glad stream of peace, Come ho - ly cit - y

## CHORUS.

we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground. Then wel - come toil and care and pain,  
 sons of light We sit on yon - der throne.  
 des - ert tents, And quit this des - ert land.  
 of the Lamb, Rise, Sun of Righteous - ness.

And welcome sorrow too; All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

# The Risen Saviour.

79

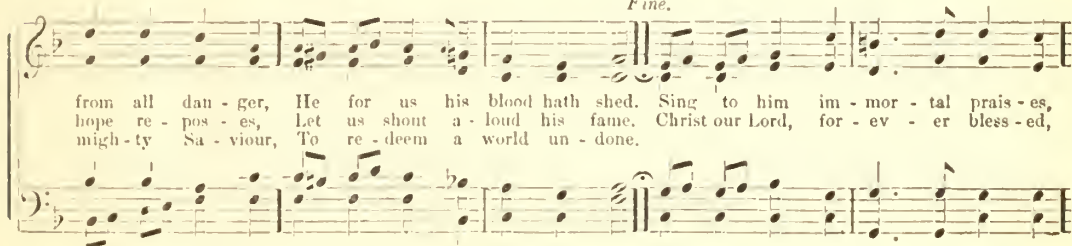
L. MARSHALL.

(HYMN FOR EASTER.)

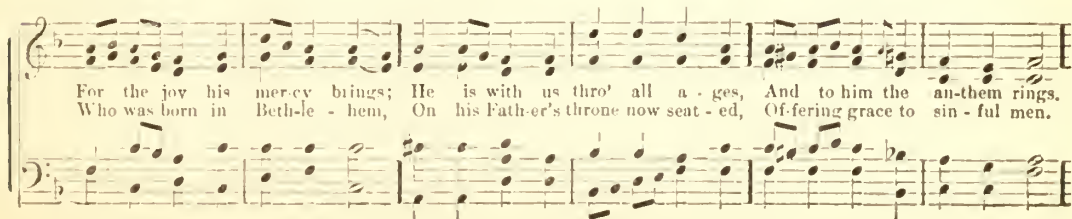
L. MARSHALL.

*Allegro.*

1. Je - sus Christ, our pre - cious Sa - viour, Now is ris - en from the dead, He will keep us  
2. Sing with joy the song of Mo - ses, Sing and bless the Saviour's name, 'Tis on him all  
3. Ev - er bless - ed be the Fath - er, For the gift of his dear Son, Who is risen, a

*Fine.*

from all dan - ger, He for us his blood hath shed. Sing to him im - mor - tal prais - es,  
hope re - pos - es, Let us shout a - loud his fame. Christ our Lord, for - ev - er bless - ed,  
migh - ty Sa - viour, To re - deem a world un - done.



For the joy his mer - cy brings; He is with us thro' all a - ges, And to him the an - them rings.  
Who was born in Beth - le - hem, On his Fath - er's throne now seat - ed, Of - fer - ing grace to sin - ful men.

# Swedish Mother's Hymn.

L. MARSHALL.

*Lively but not too fast.*

1. There sit - teth a dove so white and fair, All on the lil - y spray, And she  
2. And back she comes from heav - en's gate, And brings that dove so mild, From the

lis - ten-eth how to Je - sus Christ The lit - tle chil - dren pray;  
Fath - er in heaven who hears her speak, A bless - ing on ev - ery child.

Light - ly she spreads her friend - ly wings, And to heav - en's gate had sped, And  
Then, children, lift up a pi - ous prayer, It hears what - ev - er you say, That



# Swedish Mother's Song. Concluded.

81



un - to the Father in heaven she bears The prayers which the children have said.  
heav - en - ly dove so white and fair, All on the li - ly spray.

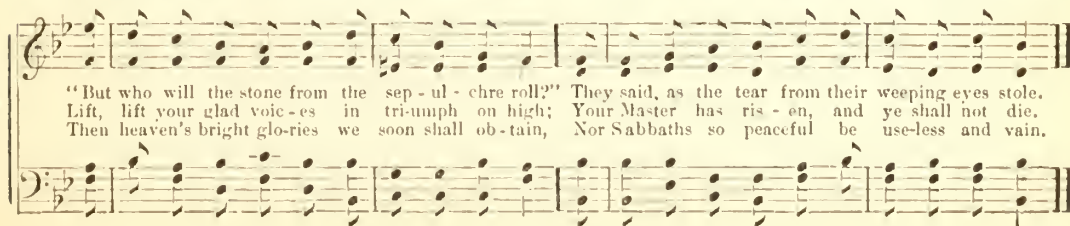
## The Resurrection.

Christian Hymns.  
*Lively.*

DRANOEL.



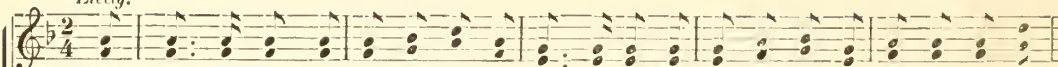
1. Sweet spi - ees they brought on their star-light-ed way, And came to the grave by the dawning of day;  
2. The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone; O hail, ye dis - ci-ples, this bright Sabbath morn;  
3. May Christ now ap-pear, as to Ma - ry he came, And fill ev - 'ry bo - som with pi - e - ty's flame.



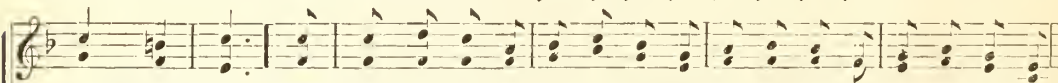
"But who will the stone from the sep - ul - chre roll?" They said, as the tear from their weeping eyes stole.  
Lift, lift your glad voic - es in tri-umph on high; Your Master has ris - en, and ye shall not die.  
Then heaven's bright glo-ries we soon shall ob-tain, Nor Sabbaths so peaceful be use-less and vain.

# The Sabbath School.\*

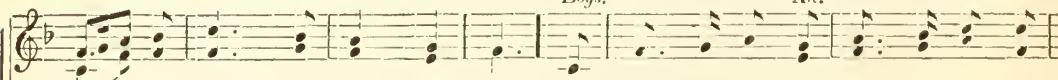
W. B. BRADBURY.

*Lively.*

1. The Sab-bath School's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teach-ers there, I love to meet my
2. In God's own book we're taught to read How Christ for sin-ners groaned and bled, How Christ for sinners
3. In Sab-bath School we sing and pray, And learn to love the Sab-bath day, And learn to love the
4. And when our days on earth are o'er, We'll meet in heaven to part no more, We'll meet in heaven to



teach - ers there; They teach me there that ev - 'ry one May find in heaven a hap - py home, May  
 groaned and bled: That pre - cious blood a ran-som gave, For sin - ful man his soul to save, For  
 Sab - bath day, That when on earth our Sabbaths end, A glo - rious rest in heaven we'll spend, A  
 part no more; Our teach - ers kind we there shall greet, And oh, what joy 'twill be to meet, And

*Boys.**All.*

find in heaven a hap - py home. I love to go, I love to go. I  
 sin - ful man his soul to save. I love to go, I love to go, I  
 glo - rious rest in heaven we'll spend. I love to go, I love to go, I  
 oh, what joy 'twill be to meet. In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove, In



# The Sabbath School. Concluded.

83

Boys.

All.

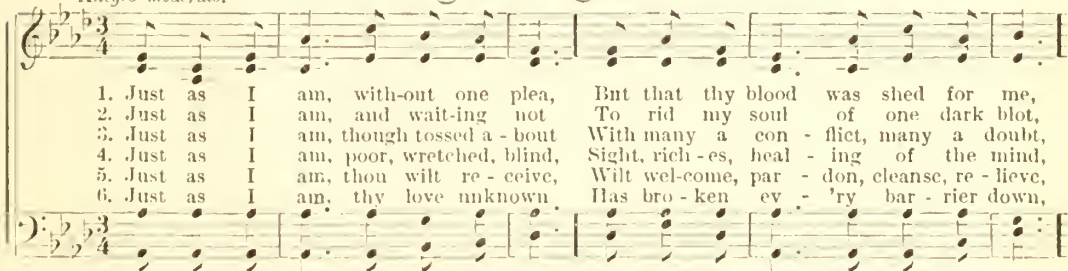


love to go to Sabbath School, I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath School.  
 heaven above to part no more. In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove In heaven above to part no more.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.  
*Allegro moderato.*

## Just as I am.

L. MARSHALL.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,  
 5. Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel-come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve,  
 6. Just as I am, thy love unknown, Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down,

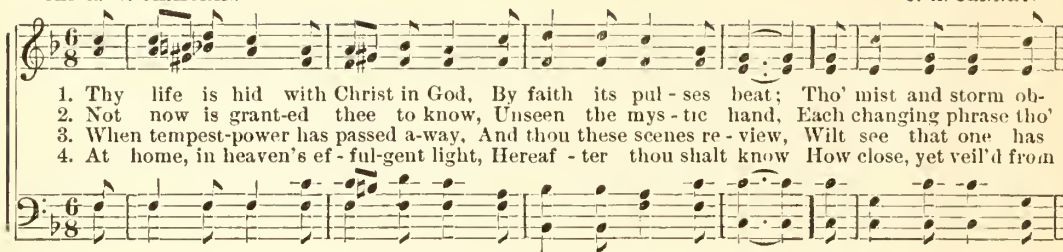


And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 Fightings with - in and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 Yea, all I need in thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

# A Theme for Song.

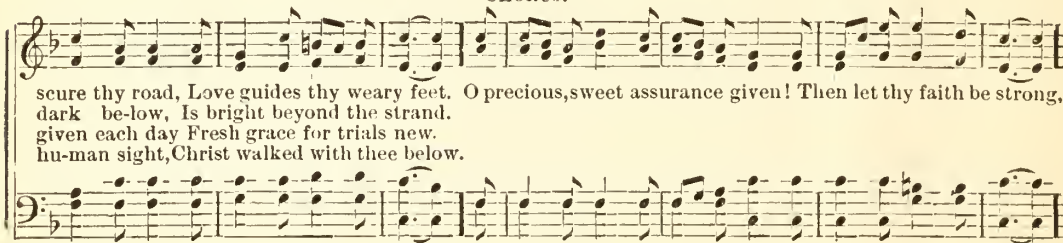
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

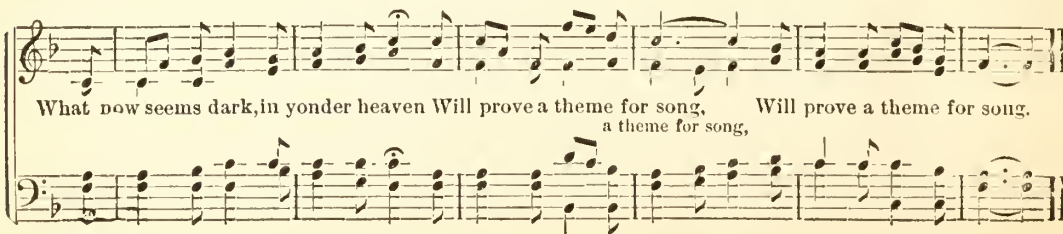


1. Thy life is hid with Christ in God, By faith its pul - ses beat; Tho' mist and storm ob -  
 2. Not now is grant-ed thee to know, Unseen the mys - tic hand, Each changing phrase tho'  
 3. When tempest-power has passed a-way, And thou these scenes re - view, Wilt see that one has  
 4. At home, in heaven's ef - ful-gent light, Hereaf - ter thou shalt know How close, yet veil'd from

## CHORUS.



scure thy road, Love guides thy weary feet. O precious, sweet assurance given! Then let thy faith be strong,  
 dark be-low, Is bright beyond the strand.  
 given each day Fresh grace for trials new.  
 hu-man sight, Christ walked with thee below.



What now seems dark, in yonder heaven Will prove a theme for song, Will prove a theme for song.  
 a theme for song,

# National Prayer.

85

SOLO FOR EITHER VOICE.

*Allegro e maestoso.*

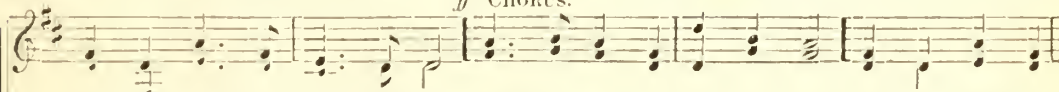
P. S. G. Arranged by L. M.



1. To our country's God we bend, Off'ring thanks and love supreme, For our blessings that transcend
2. O'er the main by tyrants driven, All may find a ref-uge here. Use the pow'rs that God has given,
3. Here the people's choice prevails, When the freest then the best; Whether force or fraud assails,
4. Crowded cities, teeming farms, Days of peace a-round display, Gath'ring rise, at war's a-larms,
5. God, to thee, whose constant aid Guards the land thy purpose wise Has for no - ble u - ses made,



*ff* CHORUS.



Sage's plan or po - et's dream. Wave our flag o'er land and sea, While be - neath its  
Full of hope and void of fear.  
Time its wis - dom will at - test.  
Mar - tial hosts in stern ar - ray.  
Grate-ful songs for - ev - er rise.



folds u - nite Hearts and hands and voi - ces freg, God pre - serve and speed the right.



# Showers of Blessing.

"Bless me, even me also." Gen. 27: 34.

L. MARSHALL.

*Legato.*

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing, Thou art scat-tering, full and free,  
 2. Pass me not, oh gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be,  
 3. Pass me not, oh ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to thee;  
 4. Pass me not, oh migh - ty Spir - it, Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 5. Have I long in sin been sleep - ing, Long been slight - ing, griev - ing thee?  
 6. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ so rich and free,

Showers, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing, Let some drop-pings fall on me,  
 Thou might'st curse me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy light on me.  
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor, When thou com - est, call for me.  
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of power to me.  
 Hast the world my heart been keep - ing? Oh for - give, and res - cue me.  
 Grace of God, so strong and bound - less, Mag - ni - fy it all in me.

*rit.* E - ven me, E - ven me, E - ven me, *tempo.* Let some drop-pings fall on me.



# The Joy of Pardon.\*

87

Written by AUGUSTUS L. HILLHOUSE.—Died near Paris, 1859.

M. KELLER.

1st & 2d SOPRANO.

*Trio. Moderato.*



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Trembling be-fore thine aw - ful throne,   | O Lord! in dust my sins I own,           |
| 2. The Sa-viour smiles! up - on my soul       | New tides of hope tu - mult - uous roll; |
| 3. Earth hath a joy un-known in heaven,       | The new-born peace of sin forgiven!      |
| 4. Ye saw of old on cha - os rise             | The beauteous pil - lars of the skies;   |
| 5. Bright her-alds of th' E - ter - nal Will, | A - broad his er - rand ye ful - fil;    |
| 6. Loud is the song; the heaven - ly plain    | Is sha - ken with the cho - ral strain;  |
| 7. But I a - mid your choir shall shine,      | And all your knowledge shall be mine;    |
- ALTO.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Jus - tice and mer - cy for my life        | Con - tend! O smile and heal the strife.     |
| His voice pro-claims my par-don found;     | Se - raph - ic trans - port wings the sound. |
| Tears of such pure and deep de - light,    | Ye an - gels! nev - er dimmed your sight.    |
| Ye know where morn ex - ult - ing springs, | And eve - ning folds her droop - ing wings.  |
| Or, throned in floods of beam - y day,     | Sym - pho-nious in his pres - ence play.     |
| And dy - ing ech - oes, float - ing far,   | Draw mu - sic from each chim - ing star.     |
| Ye on your harps must learn to hear        | A se - cret chord that mine will bear.       |



\* From "Buds of Promise"—by permission.

# Our Temple Buildd, Gracious God.

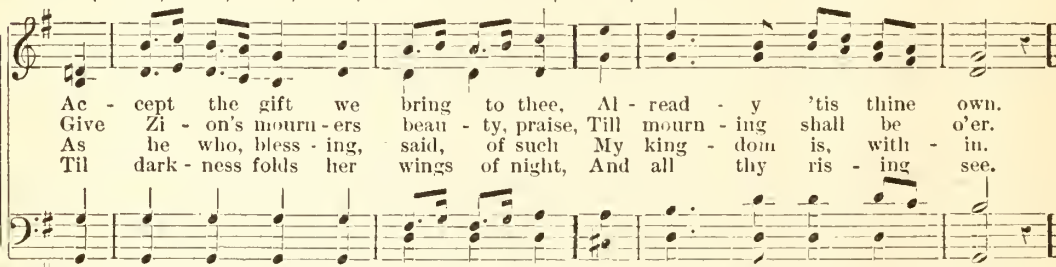
Words by Mrs. ANNIE D. DARLING, 1883.

(DEDICATION HYMN.)

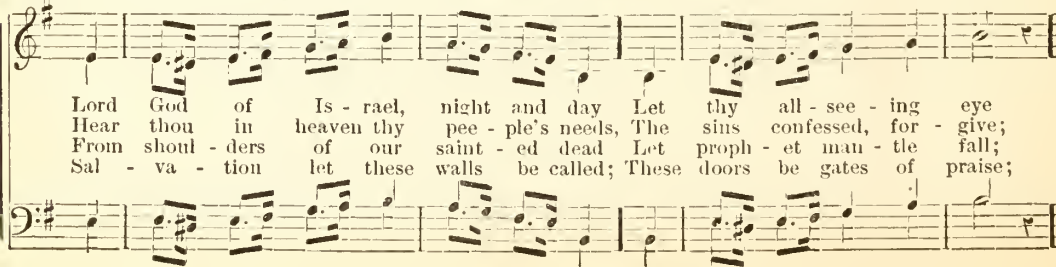
L. MARSHALL.

*Allegro.*


1. Our tem - ple build - ed, gra - cious God; Je - sus its cor - ner - stone;  
 2. Here bind the bro - ken heart - ed; heal The cap - tive, fet - tered, sore;  
 3. Here let thy love's wide o - pened arms Gath - er the chil - dren in,  
 4. All glo - rious Lord! a - rise, and shine! Here let thy glo - ry be,



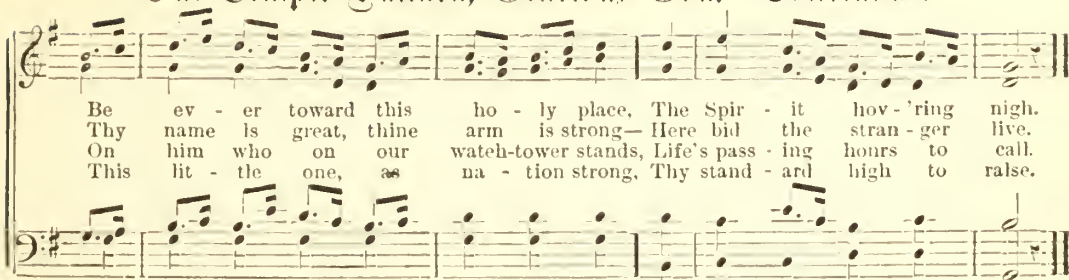
Ac - cept the gift we bring to thee, Al - read - y 'tis thine own.  
 Give Zi - on's mourn - ers beau - ty, praise, Till mourn - ing shall be o'er.  
 As he who, bless - ing, said, of such My king - dom is, with - in.  
 Til dark - ness folds her wings of night, And all thy ris - ing see.



Lord God of Is - rael, night and day Let thy all - see - ing eye  
 Hear thou in heaven thy pee - ple's needs, The sins confessed, for - give;  
 From shoul - ders of our saint - ed dead Let proph - et man - tle fall;  
 Sal - va - tion let these walls be called; These doors be gates of praise;

# Our Temple Buildd, Gracious God. Concluded.

89



Be ev - er toward this ho - ly place, The Spir - it hov - 'ring nigh.  
 Thy name is great, thine arm is strong— Here bid the stran - ger live.  
 On him who on our watch-tower stands, Life's pass - ing hours to call.  
 This lit - tle one, as na - tion strong, Thy stand - ard high to raise.

*Gentle flowing style.*

## I Fly to Jesus, Whose I Am.\*

GEO. E. LEE.



1. I fly to Je - sus, whose I am; Re - ceive a torn and wea - ry lamb!  
 2. Let thy sweet pa - tience tame my heart, So prone to act the wil - ful part;  
 3. Re - move each sel - fish thought I feel, And give a calm and tem - pered zeal  
 4. And when thy saints a con - quering throng Shall come with crown, and palm, and song,

Hide me with - in thy shelt'ring fold, And give me love that grows not cold.  
 Till to each cross - ing thing I say, "Thy will be done," be what it may.  
 That waits on God and works or not, The same en - cour - aged or for - got.  
 Then I vic - to - rious o'er each foe, A life of sin - less peace shall know.

# Be not Weary.

Words by S. F. CARTER.

*Allegretto.*

L. MARSHALL.

1. Be not wea - ry in the striv - ing, Be not wea - ry on the way,  
 2. Be not wea - ry, God is near thee, Wait - ing still to be thy friend,  
 3. Be not wea - ry, for the morn - ing Fol - lows in the wake of night,  
 4. Then be nev - er wea - ry striv - ing To be vic - tor o - ver sin,  
 5. Few and short the days at long - est Thou wilt have to fight with ills,

Though the heavens be hung with shad - ows, Dark - 'ning gloom - i - ly the day,  
 When thou wilt but give him wel - come To be with thee to the end,  
 With a dawn - ing all the bright - er In its glow of liv - ing light,  
 Wres - tle bold - ly with the an - gel, Till the bless - ing thou shalt win;  
 Ere a bright - er morn - ing red - dens On the ev - er - last - ing hills;

Though it seems a long, long night - time, Lit not by a sin - gle star,  
 And though joy his spir - it bless - ing Seems with - held from thee a - while,  
 And the now that thus shall bless thee, Fore - taste of thine an - gel dream,  
 God will hear thee, God will save thee, Save in an - swer to thy prayer,  
 Be not wea - ry, heaven is o'er thee, And thine own Re - deem - er waits,

# Be not Weary. Concluded.

91

And a thick - er dark - ness gath - ers On the moun - tain - tops a - far.  
 Sweet - er for these strug - gle mo - ments Then will be his lov - ing smile.  
 Shall dis - pel the mists of sor - row, Dark - ning life's pe - ren - nial stream.  
 If thou faint not, nor grow wea - ry Of the cross thy heart must bear.  
 Waits to par - don, waits to strength-en, Till are past the pearl - y gates.

## In the Soft Season of Thy Youth.

L. M  
Fine.

*Allegretto.*

1. In the soft sea - son of thy youth, In na - ture's smil - ing bloom,  
 Ere age ar - rise and trem - bling wait Its sum - mons to the tomb,  
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope, Thy con - ti - dence, thy joy.  
 2. He shall de - fend and guide thy course Through life's un - cer - tain sea,  
 Till thou art land - ed on the shore Of blest e - ter - ni - ty.  
 The earth af - fords no love - lier sight Than a re - li - gious youth.

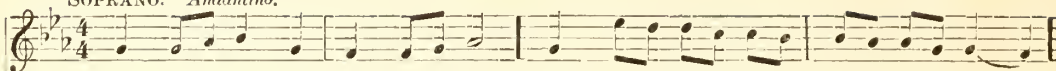
*D. C.*

Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, God, For him thy powers em - ploy,  
 Then seek the Lord be - times and choose The path of heaven - ly truth,

# Lord of Glory.

(DUETT.) \*

J. PRIDHAM.

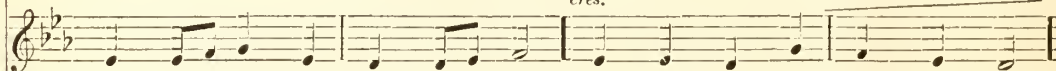
SOPRANO. *Andantino.*

1. Lord of glo - ry, let thy grace Lead thy church, thy cho - sen race,  
2. While we wan - der here be - low, Let thy light be - fore us go,

ALTO.



As that won-drous col - umn led Is - rael through the des - ert dread.  
Guide us ev - er lest we stray, Heed-less of thy bet - ter way.

*cres.*

\* May be sung as a Chorus, with ladies' voices.



# Lord of Glory. Concluded.



Make thy heavenly ways our choice, In thy love our hearts re-joice; Ho - ly Fath - er,  
Deign to look with pitying eye, Deign to hear the con-trite sigh, When we lift our

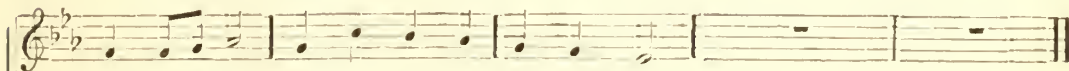
*p cres.*

*deces.*



*p cres.*

*deces.*



hear our voice, Hear, O hear our suppliant voice.  
voice on high, Ho - ly Fath - er, hear our cry.

*cres.*

*dim.*

*sym.*



# Beacon Light.\*

Words by DRANOEL, 1876.

L. MARSHALL.

*Lively.*

1. Sail - ing o'er an o - cean To a for - eign shore, Waves come dash - ing o'er us,  
 2. Tho' the skies be dark - ened, And the waves dash high, We will trust in Je - sus,  
 3. He is kind - ly wait - ing, Wait - ing to re - ceive All who call up - on him,

And the break - ers roar; As we look a - bove them, In the dark of night,  
 Who is al - ways nigh; He will ev - er guide us Thro' life's changeful way,  
 And in him be - lieve; He will ev - er lead them In the path of right,

*f* REFRAIN.

We be - hold a gleam - ing Of the bea - con light. Bless - ed bea - con light,  
 To those heav - en - ly man - sions Of e - ter - nal day.  
 To their home in heav - en, Bless - ed bea - con light. *f*

\* From the Dulcet—by permission.

# Beacon Light. Concluded.

95

*p* *f cres.*

Bless-ed bea-con light, We will trust in Je-sus, Bless-ed bea-con light.

HENRY F. LYTE.

*Andante.*

## Abide with Me.

L. MARSHALL

1. A-bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a-bide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day, Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way,  
 3. I need thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power;  
 4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight and fears no bit-ter-ness;  
 5. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help-ers fall and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.  
 Change and de-cay in all around I see; O thou who changest not, a-bide with me.  
 Who like thy-self my guide and stay may be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a-bide with me.  
 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vie-to-ry? I tri-umph still If thou a-bide with me.  
 Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.

# The New Jerusalem.\*

Words from Hymns of Heaven.

*Allegro moderato.*

L. MARSHALL.



1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee,  
 2. No pains, no pangs, no griev - ing grief, No wo - ful night is there;  
 3. With - in thy gates noth - ing can come That is not pass - ing clean;  
 4. I long to see Je - ru - sa - lem, The com - fort of us all,



When shall my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?  
 No sigh, no sob, no ery is heard, No well a - way, no fear;  
 No spi - der's web, no dirt, no dust, No filth may there be seen;  
 For thou art fair and beau - ti - ful, None ill can thee be - fall;



*Lively.*

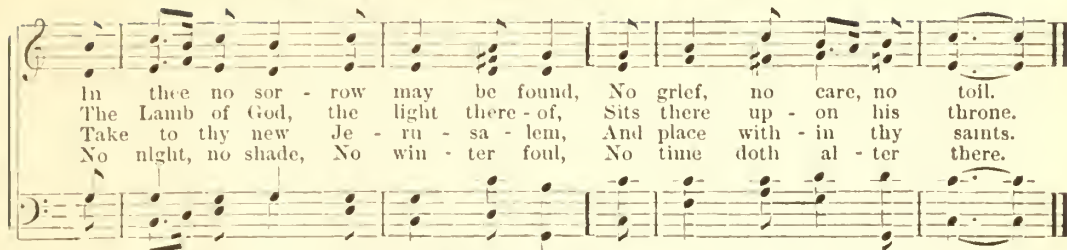


O hap - py har - bor of God's saints, O sweet and pleas - ant soil,  
 Je - ru - sa - lem the cit - y is Of God our King a - lone,  
 Je - ho - vah Lord, now come a - way, And end my grief and plaints,  
 In thee, Je - ru - sa - lem, I say No dark - ness dare ap - pear,



# The New Jerusalem. Concluded.

97

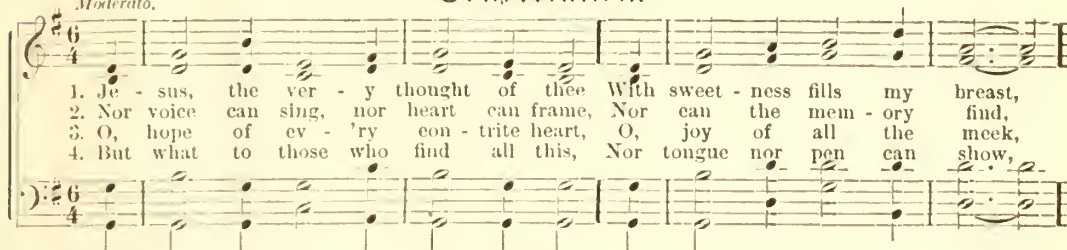


In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.  
The Lamb of God, the light there - of, Sits there up - on his throne.  
Take to thy new Je - ru - sa - lem, And place with - in thy saints.  
No night, no shade, No win - ter foul, No time doth al - ter there.

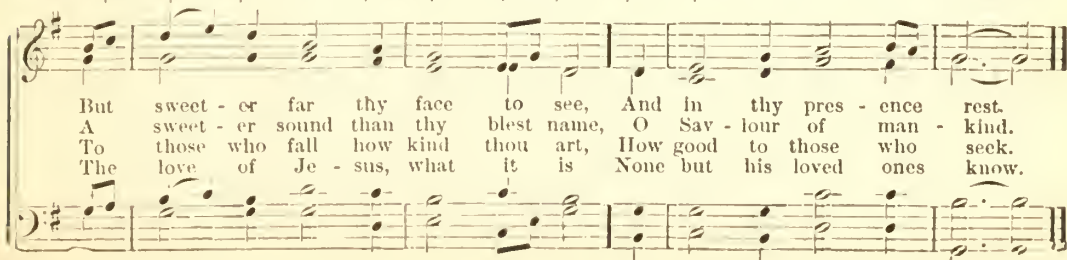
BERNARD.  
*Moderato.*

## Consecration.

J. A.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweet - ness fills my breast,  
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find,  
3. O, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O, joy of all the meek,  
4. But what to those who find all this, Nor tongue nor pen can show,



But sweet - er far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.  
A sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - our of man - kind.  
To those who fall how kind thou art, How good to those who seek.  
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but his loved ones know.

# See, the Rain is Falling,

Arranged from the Juvenile Lyre.

*Lively but not too fast.*

1. See, the rain is fall - ing On the mountain side, See, the clouds dis - pens - ing  
2. Now the rain is o - ver, See the paint - ed bow, O'er the cloud - y hill - top

Blessings far and wide; See the cool - ing show - er Bright - ens ev - 'ry flow - er,  
All its col - ors show; God is ev - er faith - ful, Let us all be grate - ful

Makes the sun - parched and With fresh blooms ex - pand.  
For the rain and dew, And the cloud - less blue.



# I was a Wandering Sheep.

99

Words by Rev H. BONAR.

*Legato.*

Arranged from HAYDN.



1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my  
 2. The Shep-herd sought his sheep; The Fa-ther sought his child; They fol-lowed me o'er  
 3. Je-sus my Shep-herd is,— 'Twas he that loved my soul, 'Twas he that wash'd me  
 4. I was a wandering sheep, I would not be con-trolled; But now I love my

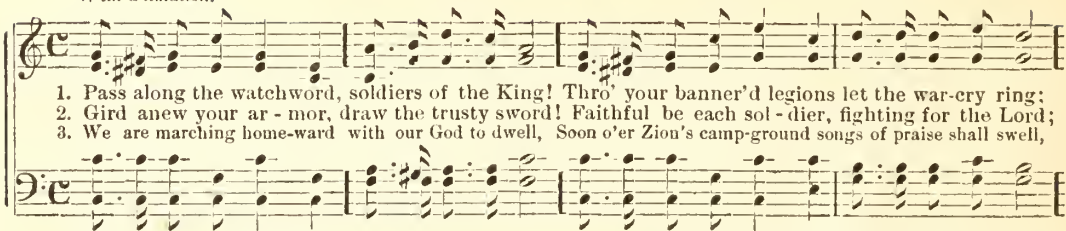
Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled. I was a way-ward child, I  
 vale and hill, O'er des-ert, waste and wild; They found me nigh to death, Fam-  
 in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole. 'Twas he that sought the lost, That  
 Shep-herd's voice, I love, I love his fold. I was a way-ward child, I

did not love my home; I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.  
 ished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.  
 found the wan-dering sheep, 'Twas he that brought me to the fold, 'Tis he that still doth keep.  
 once pre-ferred to roam; But now I love my Father's voice, I love, I love his home.

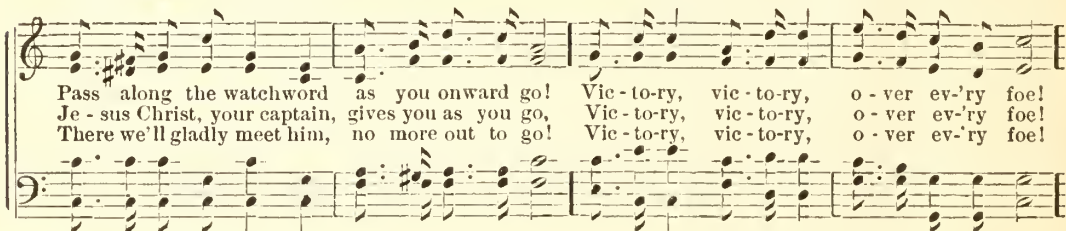
# Pass Along the Watchword.\*

*With animation.*

Arranged from "Pilgrim Praises,"



1. Pass along the watchword, soldiers of the King! Thro' your banner'd legions let the war-cry ring;
2. Gird anew your ar - mor, draw the trusty sword! Faithful be each sol - dier, fighting for the Lord;
3. We are marching home-ward with our God to dwell, Soon o'er Zion's camp-ground songs of praise shall swell,



Pass along the watchword as you onward go! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, o - ver ev'ry foe!  
 Je - sus Christ, your captain, gives you as you go, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, o - ver ev'ry foe!  
 There we'll gladly meet him, no more out to go! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, o - ver ev'ry foe!

CHORUS.



Pass along the watchword! Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Pass along the watchword! Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

\* From "Buds of Promise"—by permission.

# Pass Along the Watchword. Concluded.

101

Pass a-long the watchword! Shout it as you go! Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! O-ver ev-'ry foe!

## China.

(SUITABLE FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.)

TIMOTHY SWAN.

*Moderato.*

1. Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms?  
 2. Why should we trem-ble to con-vey Their bod-ies to the tomb?  
 3. The graves of all the saints he blest, And soft-ened ev-'ry bed;  
 4. Thence he a-rose, as-cend-ing high, And showed our feet the way

'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends To call them to his arms.  
 'Twas there the flesh of Je-sus lay, And left a long per-fume.  
 Where should the dy-ing mem-bers rest, But with their dy-ing head?  
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly, At the great ris-ing day.

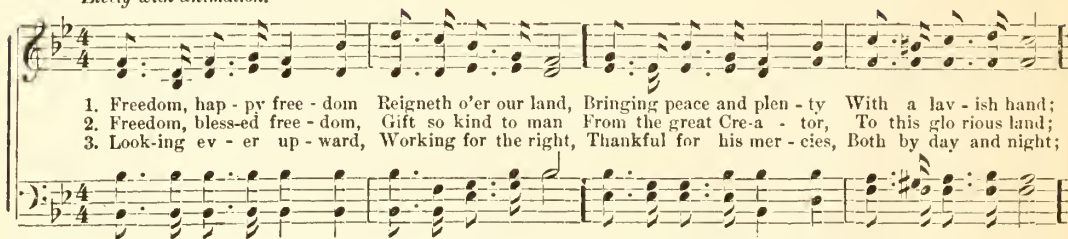
# Raise the Banner for God and Liberty.

Words by Miss H. AUGUSTA BARNES.

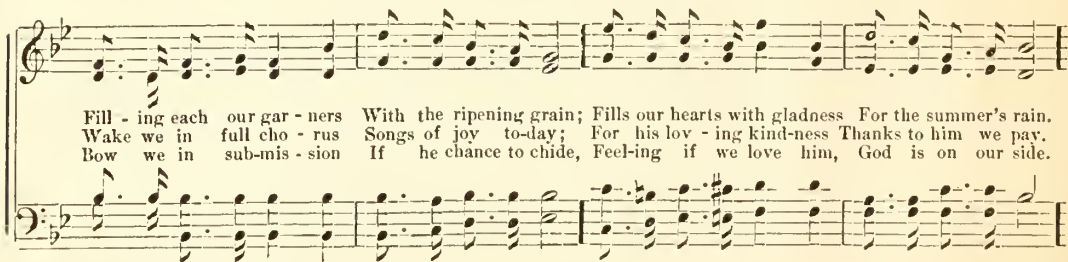
(SONG OF FREEDOM.)

L. B. MARSHALL.

*Lively with animation.*

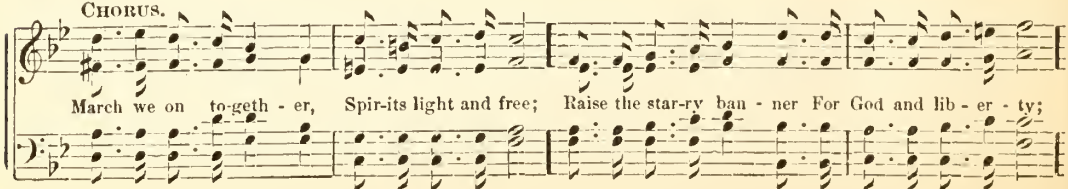


1. Freedom, hap - py free - dom Reigneth o'er our land, Bringing peace and plen - ty With a lav - ish hand;  
 2. Freedom, bless - ed free - dom, Gift so kind to man From the great Cre - a - tor, To this glo - rious land;  
 3. Look - ing ev - er up - ward, Working for the right, Thankful for his mer - cies, Both by day and night;



Fill - ing each our gar - ners With the ripening grain; Fills our hearts with gladness For the summer's rain.  
 Wake we in full cho - rus Songs of joy to-day; For his lov - ing kind-ness Thanks to him we pay.  
 Bow we in sub-mis - sion If he chance to chide, Feel-ing if we love him, God is on our side.

## CHORUS.



March we on to-ge - th - er, Spir - its light and free; Raise the star - ry ban - ner For God and lib - er - ty;

# Raise the Banner. Concluded.

103

Cast a-way all sad - ness, Striving with our might, Marching on for-ev - er In our nation's right.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in 2/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The music is in G major and ends with a double bar line.

## O Lord, another Week has Flown.

H. K. WHITE.

*Legato.*

(COMMENCING HYMN.)

H. N. STONE.

1. O Lord, an - oth - er week has flown, And we, a youth - ful band,  
 2. And wilt thou lend a list - 'ning ear, To prais - es low as ours?  
 3. And Je - sus, thou thy smiles wilt deign As in thy name we pray;  
 4. O let thy grace per - form its part, And bid our pas - sions cease,

Are met once more be - fore thy throne, To bless thy fos - tering hand,  
 Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear The song which meek - ness pours.  
 For thou didst bless the in - fant train, And we are weak as they.  
 And shed a - broad in ev - 'ry heart Thine ev - er - last - ing peace.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in 2/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The music is in G major and ends with a double bar line.

# Imaginary Evils.

Words by CHARLES SWAIN.

"Have faith in God."

DRANOEL.

*Allegro.*

1. Let to - mor-row take care of to - mor-row, Leave things of the fu - ture to fate;  
 2. Have faith, and thy faith shall sus - tain thee; Per - mit not sus - pi - cion and care  
 3. Let to - mor-row take care of to - mor-row, Short and dark a sour life may ap - pear;

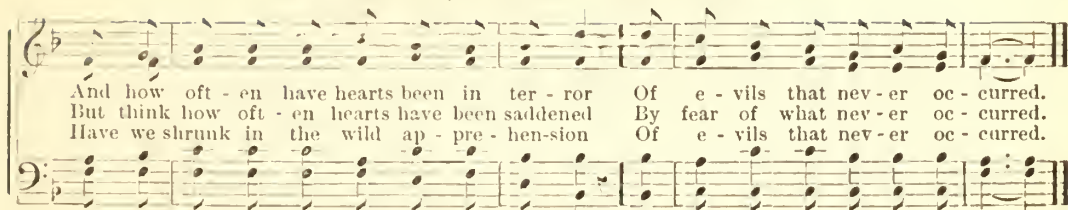
What's the use to an - tic - i - pate sor - row, Life's troubles come nev - er too late.  
 With in - vis - i - ble bonds to en chain thee, But bear what God gives thee to bear.  
 We may make it still dark - er by sor - row, Still short - er by fol - ly and fear.

If to hope o - ver much be an er - ror, 'Tis one that the wise have pre - ferred,  
 By his Spir - it sup - port - ed and glad - dened, Be ne'er by fore - bod - ings de - terred,  
 Half our troubles are half our in - ven - tion, And oft - en from blessings con - ferred,



# Imaginary Evils. Concluded.

105

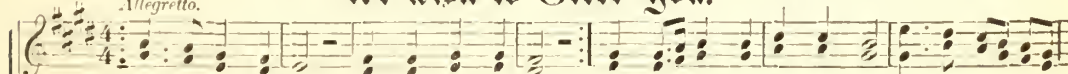


And how oft - en have hearts been in ter - ror Of e - vils that nev - er oc - curred.  
 But think how oft - en hearts have been saddened By fear of what nev - er oc - curred.  
 Have we shrunk in the wild ap - pre - hen - sion Of e - vils that nev - er oc - curred.

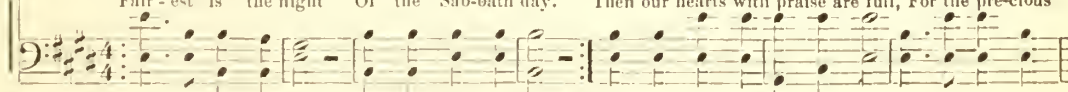
## We wish to Greet You.

Arranged from the Juvenile Lyre.

*Allegretto.*



- |                             |                           |   |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| 1. All the week we spend.   | Full of ebid-ish bliss,   | Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the          |
| Ev - 'ry changing scene     | Brings its hap - pi-ness. |   |
| 2. Love - ly is the dawn    | Of each ris - ing day,    | Then our in-fant hearts are full Of the pre-cious       |
| Loveliest is the morn       | Of the Sab-bath day.      |   |
| 3. Teachers, you are kind,  | Thust to point the road   | May we all be du - ti - ful, In the pre-cious           |
| Lead-ing us from sin        | To our Fa-ther, God.      |   |
| 4. Sweet-ly fades the light | Of the pass-ing day,      | Then our hearts with praise are full, For the pre-cious |
| Fair - est is the night     | Of the Sab-bath day.      |   |




Sabbath School, Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath School, Had we not the Sabbath School.  
 Sabbath School, Then our infant hearts are full Of the precious Sabbath School, Of the pre-cious Sabbath School.  
 Sabbath School, May we all be du - ti - ful In the precious Sabbath School, In the pre-cious Sabbath School.  
 Sabbath School, Then our hearts with praise are full Of the precious Sabbath School, Of the pre-cious Sabbath School.



# In Heaven Alone is Rest.

J. W. TURNER.

*Allegro comodo.*

1. Not in this wea - ry world of ours Can per - fect rest be found; Thorns mingle with its  
 2. This can - not be our rest-ing place, Though now and then a gleam Of love-ly nature,  
 3. Rest to the wea - ry, anx-ious soul, That on life's toil-some road Bears on-ward to the

fair-est flowers, E - ven on cultured ground; A brook to drink of by the way, A  
 heavenly grace, May on thee brief - ly beam, Nor till it shuf - fle off the coil In  
 des-tined goal Its heav - y, gall - ing load; But let us bear with pain and care All

rock its shade to cast, May cheer our path from day to day, But such not long can last.  
 which it lies depressed, Can the pure spirit cease from toil, In heaven a-lone to rest.  
 ills to be redressed, Re - ly - ing on the prom-ise fair, In heaven there will be rest.

# Lord of the Harvest.

H. GURNEY.

*With animation.*

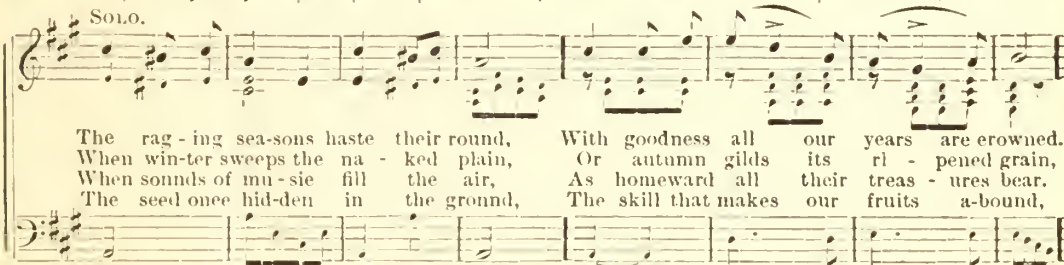
(HARVEST HYMN.)

WM. B. RICHARDSON.



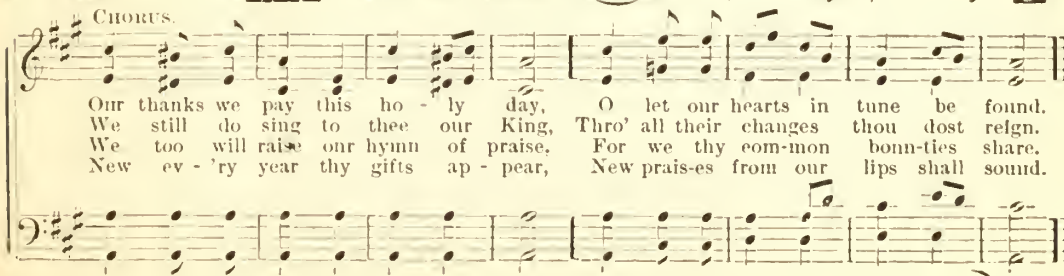
1. Lord of the har-vest, thee we hail, Thine ancient prom-ise doth not fall;  
 2. If spring doth wake the song of mirth, If summer warms the fruit-ful earth,  
 3. But chief-ly when thy lib-'ral hand Be-stows new plen-ty o'er the land,  
 4. Lord of the har-vest, all is thine, The rains that fall, the suns that shine,

SOLO.



The rag-ing sea-sons haste their round, With goodness all our years are crowned.  
 When win-ter sweeps the na-ked plain, Or autumn gilds its ri-pened grain,  
 When sounds of mu-sic fill the air, As homeward all their treas-ures bear.  
 The seed once hid-den in the ground, The skill that makes our fruits a-bound,

CHORUS.



Our thanks we pay this ho-ly day, O let our hearts in tune be found.  
 We still do sing to thee our King, Thro' all their changes thou dost reign.  
 We too will raise our hymn of praise, For we thy com-mon bonn-ties share.  
 New ev-'ry year thy gifts ap-pear, New prais-es from our lips shall sound.

## There was Joy in Heaven.

Arranged.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. There was joy in heaven, There was joy in heaven, When this good - ly  
 2. There was joy in heaven, There was joy in heaven, When of love the  
 3. There was joy in heaven, There was joy in heaven, When the sheep that

world to frame The Lord of might and mer - cy came; Shouts of joy were heard on high,  
 midnight beam Dawned the tow - er of Beth - le - hem; And a - long the ech - oing hill  
 went a - stray Re - turns in love to vir - tue's way; When the soul by grace subdued

And the stars sang from the sky. Glo - ry to God in heaven, Glo - ry to God in heaven.  
 An - gels sang on earth good will, Glo - ry to God in heaven, Glo - ry to God in heaven.  
 Sobs its prayer of grat - i - tude, Then is there joy in heaven, Then is there joy in heaven.

# The Saviour Now is Calling.

109

L. M.  
*Lively.*

L. MARSHALL.

1. The Sav - iour now is call - ing, Come, children, follow me; And all who are o -  
2. How hap - py are those chil - dren Who hear the Saviour's voice, Who walk in ways of  
3. O, lis - ten now to Je - sus, Ac - cept his proffered love, And start up - on your

be - dient His bless - ed face shall see; And in those heavenly man - sions Which he has gone to  
wis - dom, And in his name re - joice, Who oft - en read and pon - der God's sa - cred book of  
jour - ney To yon - der home a - bove; He's waiting to be gra - cious, His arms are o - pen

rear, For - ev - er dwell those chil - dren Who love and serve him here.  
truth, Their on - ly guide to heav - en, O hap - py Christian youth.  
wide; O, let them close a - round you, And press you to his side.

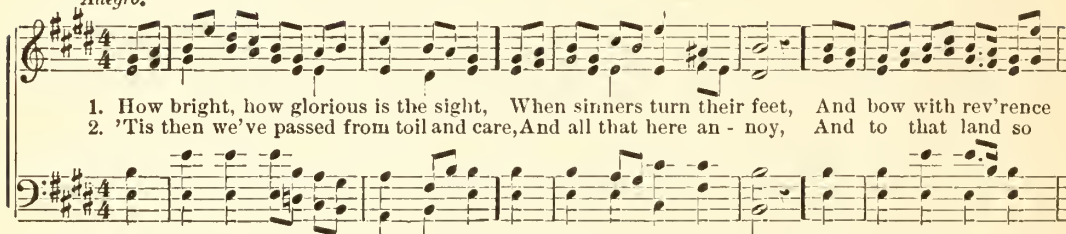
# How Bright, how Glorious is the Sight.

Words by L. M.

*Allegro.*

(SINNERS TURNING TO CHRIST.)

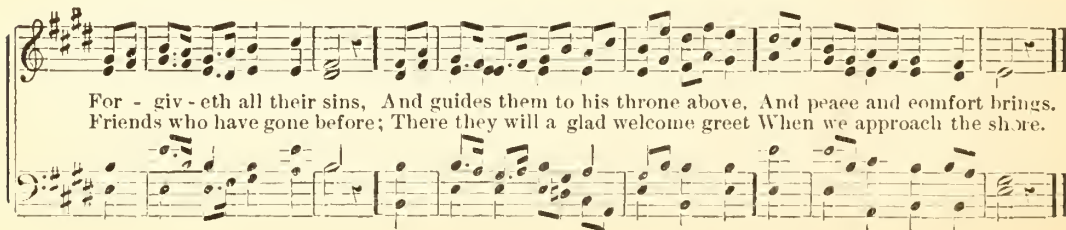
L. MARSHALL.



1. How bright, how glorious is the sight, When sinners turn their feet, And bow with rev'rence  
2. 'Tis then we've passed from toil and care, And all that here an - noy, And to that land so



and de-light Be - fore the mer - cy seat. God hears their prayers of faith and love,  
bright and fair Our hearts leap forth for joy. And in those mansions we shall meet



For - giv - eth all their sins, And guides them to his throne above, And peace and comfort brings.  
Friends who have gone before; There they will a glad welcome greet When we approach the shore.

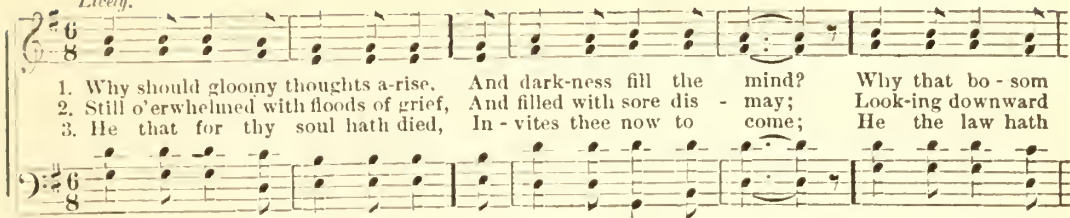


# Why should Gloomy Thoughts Arise?

111

Dr. TH. HASTINGS.

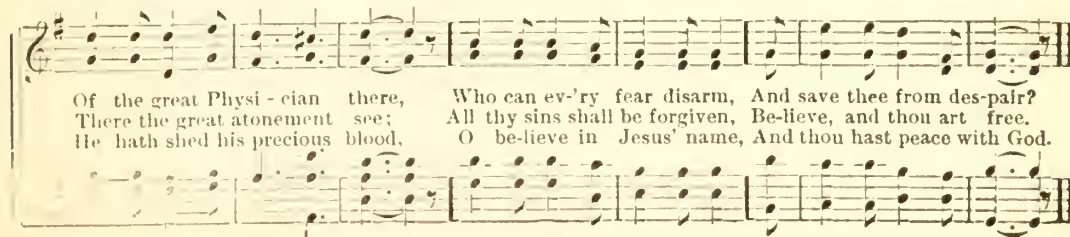
*Lively.*



1. Why should gloomy thoughts a-rise, And dark-ness fill the mind? Why that bo - som  
2. Still o'erwhelmed with floods of grief, And filled with sore dis - may; Look-ing downward  
3. He that for thy soul hath died, In - vites thee now to come; He the law hath



heave with sighs, And still no ref - uge find; Know'st thou not of Gil - ead's balm,  
for re - lief, With-out one cheer-ing ray, Lift thy streaming eyes to heaven,  
sat - is-fied, And can re - verse thy doom. He hath suf-fered grief and shame;

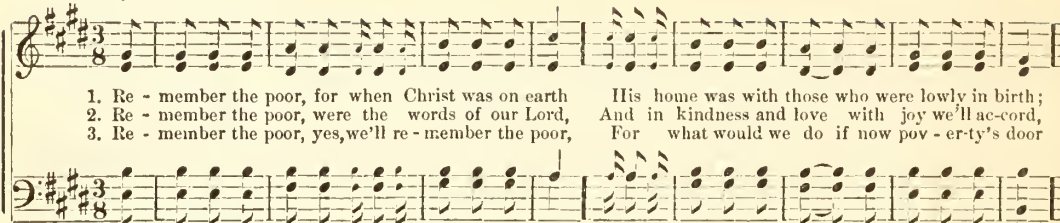


Of the great Physi - cian there, Who can ev-'ry fear disarm, And save thee from des-pair?  
There the great atonement see; All thy sins shall be forgiven, Be-lieve, and thou art free.  
He hath shed his precious blood, O be-lieve in Jesus' name, And thou hast peace with God.

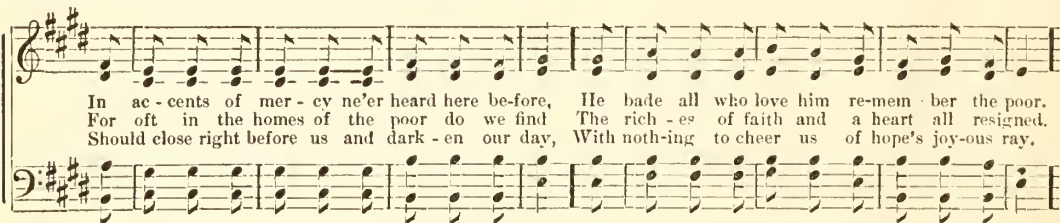
# Remember the Poor.\*

Words by J. C. PROCTOR.


L. MARSHALL.



1. Re - member the poor, for when Christ was on earth      His home was with those who were lowly in birth;  
 2. Re - member the poor, were the words of our Lord,      And in kindness and love with joy we'll ac-cord,  
 3. Re - member the poor, yes, we'll re - member the poor,      For what would we do if now pov - er-ty's door



In ac - cents of mer - cy ne'er heard here be-fore,      He bade all who love him re-mem - ber the poor.  
 For oft in the homes of the poor do we find      The rich - es of faith and a heart all resigned.  
 Should close right before us and dark - en our day,      With noth - ing to cheer us of hope's joy - ous ray.



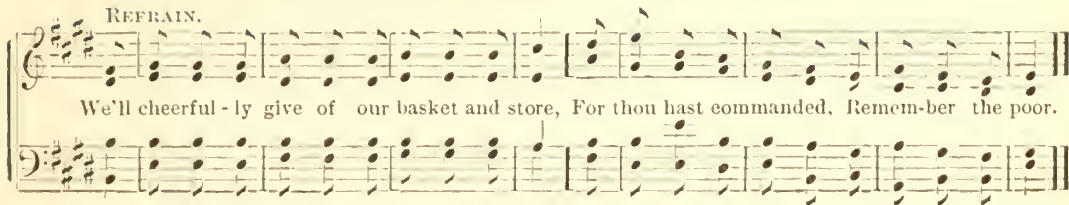
Yes, yes, blest Re-deem-er, we'll keep thy com-mand,      And help thy poor children with bonn - ti - ful band.  
 The love of the Sav-iour no cir - cum-stance knows,      To rich and to poor the same mer-cy he shows,  
 We'll go on our er-rands of mer - cy and love,      To bear the sweet message of hope from a-bove.

\* From Sabbath Songs—by permission.

# Remember the Poor. Concluded.

113

## REFRAIN.

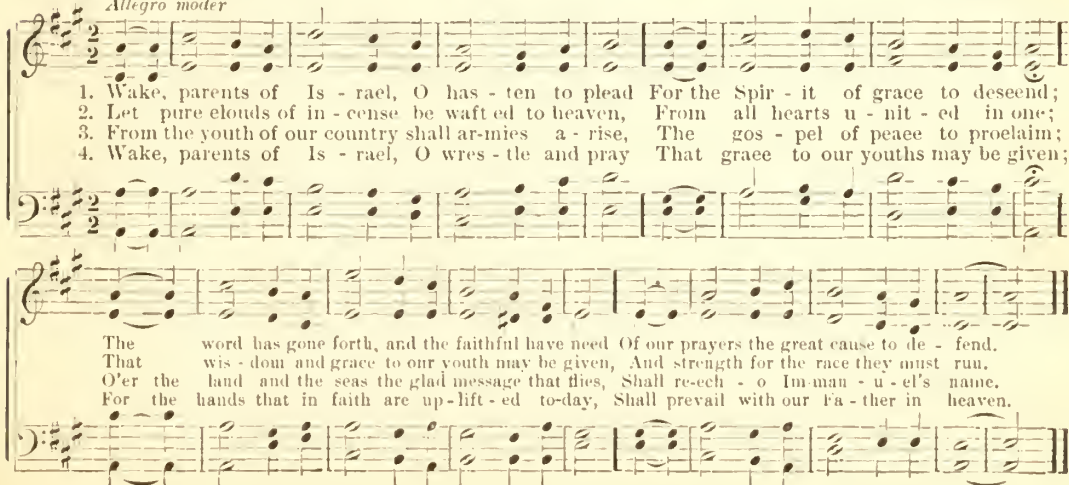


We'll cheerful - ly give of our basket and store, For thou hast commanded, Remem - ber the poor.

## Wake, Parents of Israel.

English Baptist Collection,  
*Allegro moder*

DRANOEL



1. Wake, parents of Is - rael, O has - ten to plead For the Spir - it of grace to descend;
2. Let pure clouds of in - cense be wafted to heaven, From all hearts u - nit - ed in one;
3. From the youth of our country shall ar - mies a - rise, The gos - pel of peace to proclaim;
4. Wake, parents of Is - rael, O wres - tle and pray That grace to our youths may be given;

The word has gone forth, and the faithful have need Of our prayers the great cause to de - fend.  
That wis - dom and grace to our youth may be given, And strength for the race they must run.  
O'er the land and the seas the glad message that flies, Shall re - ech - o Im - man - u - el's name.  
For the hands that in faith are up - lift - ed to-day, Shall prevail with our Fa - ther in heaven.

# Praise Ye the Lord. No. 1.

E. A. BARNES.

J. H. TENNEY.

DUET.

CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.

1. With hearts and with voices, Praise ye the Lord! With love that re-joice, Praise ye the Lord! Be-  
 2. For grace that in-vites us, Praise ye the Lord! For love that u-nites us, Praise ye the Lord! He  
 3. For hope in his kindness, Praise ye the Lord! For light in our blindness, Praise ye the Lord! His

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

cause he hath told us His arm shall up-hold us; Come, join in our cho-rus, and "Praise ye the Lord!"  
 grants us his fa-vor Thro' Christ as our Sav-iour; Then join in our cho-rus, and "Praise ye the Lord!"  
 ways are be-fore us, His mer-cy is o'er us; Oh, join in our cho-rus, and "Praise ye the Lord!"

CHORUS.

Praise him! Praise him! Praise ye the Lord! Praise him! Praise him! Praise ye the Lord! We'll

# Praise Ye the Lord. Concluded.

115

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, ending with a final cadence.

sing of his glo - ry, his wis - dom and love, While prais-ing the name of the Lord.

## They Rest from the Conflict.

Words by S. BURNHAM.

*Moderato.*

(DECORATION HYMN.)

L. MARSHALL.

Three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, ending with a final cadence.

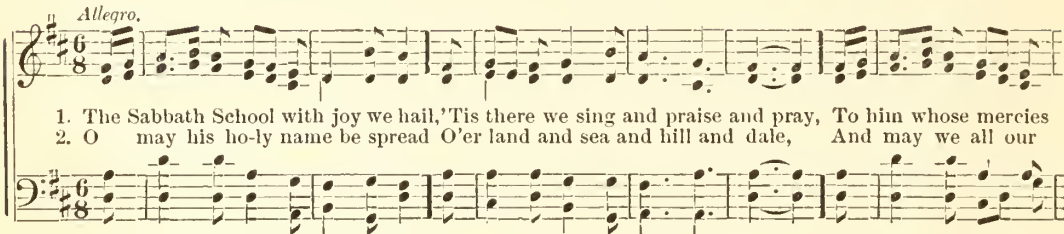
1. They rest from the con-flict, their la - bor is end - ed, Their bat - tles are fought, their vic-tories are gained;  
 2. Be - neath the green sod their bod - ies are sleep-ing, A - bove them in beau-ty the dew-y grass waves,  
 3. We know that our flow-ers will with - er and per-ish, Our flags too will droop in the still summer air,  
 4. To us is the weeping, while theirs is the glo - ry, From dan-ger and du - ty they ne'er turned aside,  
 5. O God of our fa-thers, O God of our na-tion, Their faith was unwavering, their trust was in thee;  
 6. Yes, hon - or and glo - ry for them are e - ter - nal, The na - tion they ransomed their memory will keep;

Their spir - its he - ro - ic to God have as-cend - ed, Their mem'-ry is left us with hon - or unstained.  
 While comrades this day are sa - cred-ly keep-ing And strew-ing with flowers their glo - ri - ous graves.  
 But deep in our hearts their mem'-ry we'll cher-ish, With love, that the passing years ne'er will im - pair.  
 He - ro - ic their deeds and im - mor-tal their sto - ry, They fought for their country, and conquer-ing died.  
 Thou gav'st them the vict'ry, to our land gave salvation, And smiled once a-gain on the home of the free.  
 Fair flow-ers im - mor-tal will bloom ev - er ver - nal O'er the graves where our heroes in glory now sleep.

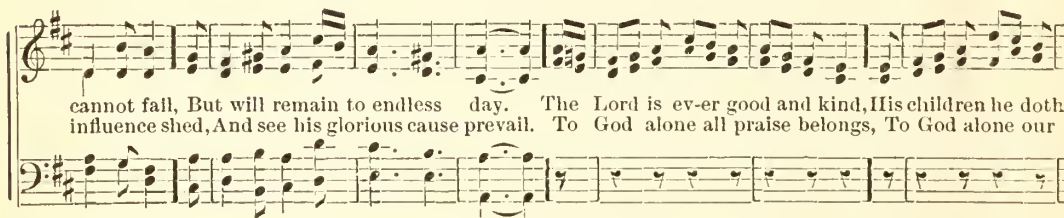
# The Sabbath School with Joy We Hail.

Words by L. M.

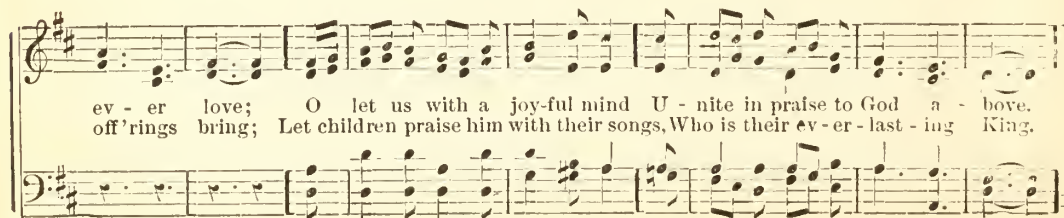
L. MARSHALL.

*Allegro.*


1. The Sabbath School with joy we hail, 'Tis there we sing and praise and pray, To him whose mercies  
2. O may his ho-ly name be spread O'er land and sea and hill and dale, And may we all our



cannot fail, But will remain to endless day. The Lord is ev-er good and kind, His children he doth  
influence shed, And see his glorious cause prevail. To God alone all praise belongs, To God alone our



ev - er love; O let us with a joy-ful mind U - nite in praise to God a - bove.  
off' rings bring; Let children praise him with their songs, Who is their ev - er - last - ing King.



# Gather in His Lambs.

117

L. MARSHALL.

DUET. SOPRANO.

*Not too fast.*



1. Go ye out in-to the highways, Gather in his lambs to-day; Seek the dark and narrow
2. 'Mid the darkness of the cit - y They have wandered all unblest; Show them where-in love and
3. Gather in his lambs forever, Speak to them of joys un-told; Seek them out with fond en-

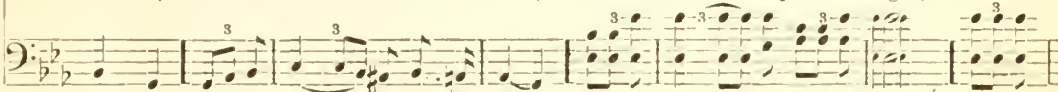
ALTO.



CHORUS.



by - ways, Ev'-ry - where their feet may stray; Tell them of a Saviour's kindness, Tell them  
pit - y, Weary ones may ev - er rest; Point the way to realms of gladness, Lead them  
deav - or, Lead them to the Saviour's fold; Lead them in the path of right, In the



of the heavenly land, Lead them upward in their blindness, Search them out on ev - 'ry hand.  
on - ward day by day, Win their hearts from hopeless sadness, Christ will all your love re - pay.  
way the Master trod; Lead them on - ward with thy night, Till they reach the throne of God.

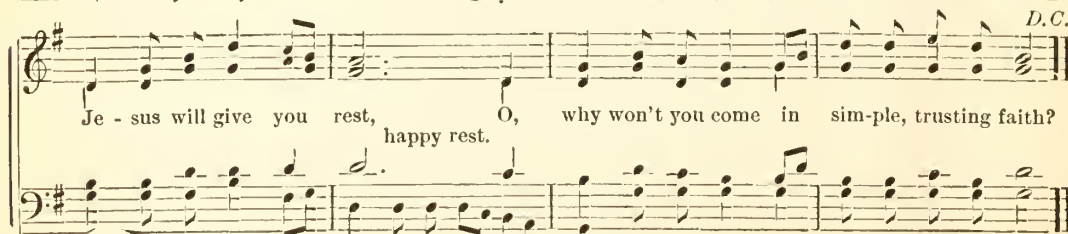
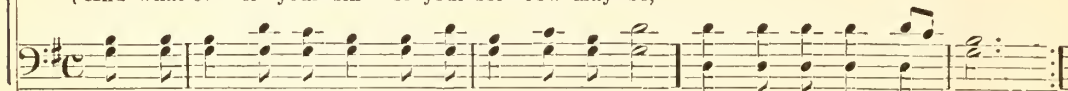


## Jesus Will Give You Rest.\*

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. { Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burdened and sin op - pressed?  
Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,
2. { Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast.  
On - ly come, as you are, and be-lieve on his name,
3. { Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you best,  
By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
4. { Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now, Fly to his lov - ing breast;  
And what-ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,



# In the By and By.\*

119

H. MILLARD.

*Adagio.*

1. We shall meet in the by and by, By and by, By and by, We shall meet in the by and by, And  
 2. We shall meet in the by and by, By and by, By and by, We shall meet in the by and by, So  
 3. We shall meet in the by and by, By and by, By and by, We shall meet in the by and by, Our

nev - er be part - ed more; O the joy we then shall know, For the Saviour tells us so;  
 wipe a - way ev - 'ry tear; In our Fa - ther's man - sions fair, An - gel hands will soothe our care;  
 jour - ney will soon be done; Here we wait a lit - tle while, Where the toils of sin beguile;

*End with Alleluia.*

*D.C.*

How our spirits long to go Up to that golden shore.  
 O the love beyond compare, Up in that home so dear.  
 Then we'll see the Saviour's smile, After our victory's won.

Al - le - lu - ia, A - men. Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.

\* From the Chaplet--by permission.

# Forward Bear Your Banners.

Words by Miss H. A. BARNES.

L. MARSHALL.

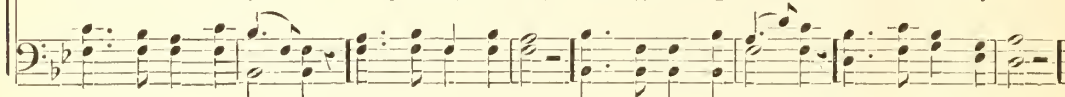
*With animation.*



1. Forward bear your ban-ners, Striving with your might, Wave them high a - bove you, For God's ho - ly right.
2. Kindness do to all men, Help-ing the distressed, Lead the sad and lone - ly To the Saviour's breast;
3. Onward bear your ban-ners, O - ver land and sea, Spread the truths of Je - sus, Of love and chari-ty;



Press-ing on for - ev - er In the Christian strife, Lov - ing, serv-ing ev - er Him who gave his life.  
 Wand'ers ev - er guid-ing From the sin - ful way, Help them by thy kind-ness From all sin to stray.  
 Ho - li-ness of purpose Be your high-est aim, Lov - ing, serv-ing ev - er His most ho - ly name.



## CHORUS.



Wave on high your ban-ners, Sing with loud acclaim, Joy - ful prais - es ev - er To Jehovah's name.



# Delightful is the Saviour's Voice.

121

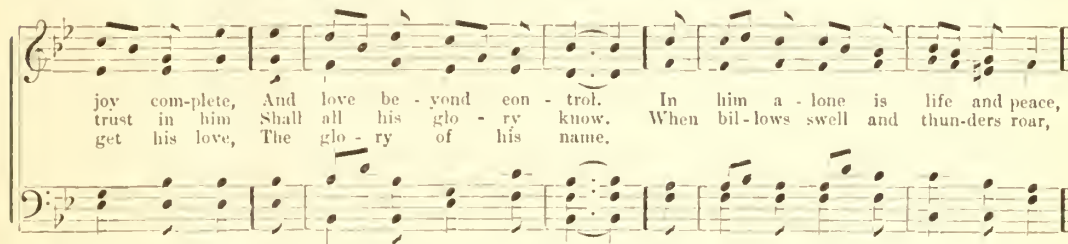
Words by L. M.

(CHRIST PRECIOUS.)

L. MARSHALL.

*Allegro.*

1. De - light-ful is the Saviour's voice, 'Tis com - fort to my soul, 'Tis mu - sic sweet and  
2. The storm-y winds their fu - ry cease, If Christ his face doth show, All they that put their  
3. From age to age he changes not, His grace re - mains the same, And we, a - las, for-



joy com-plete, And love be - yond eon - trol. In him a - lone is life and peace,  
trust in him Shall all his glo - ry know. When bil-lows swell and thun-ders roar,  
get his love, The glo - ry of his name.



In him is all my hope; He is a light my feet to guide, And ea - sy is his yoke.  
He calms them by his word; The heaving o - cean he doth quell, At his com-mand-ing nod

# He Died for Me.

Rev. WILLIAM A. SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.



Whene'er my heart  
It was for me  
And now from sin

with sad-ness fills,  
he suf-fered long,  
and Satan's power,

1. Whene'er my heart..... with sad-ness fills,..... And darkness  
2. It was for me..... he suf-fered long,..... Provoked by  
3. And now from sin..... and Sa-tan's power, ... How blest to

Whene'er my heart  
It was for me  
And now from sin

with sad-ness fills,  
he suf-fered long,  
and Satan's power,



And darkness all  
Provoked by scribe  
How blest to feel

around I see;  
and Phar-i-see;  
that I am free;

A voice within,  
Surrounded by  
O, may I ne'er

all..... around I see;..... A voice with-in..... my na-ture  
scribe..... and Phar-i see;..... Surrounded by..... the mocking  
feel..... that I am free;..... O, may I ne'er..... for-get that

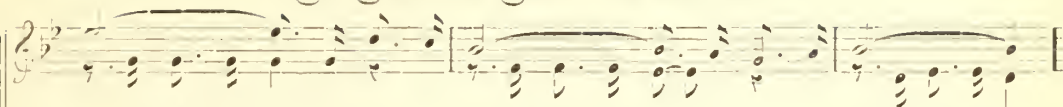
And darkness all  
Provoked by scribe  
How blest to feel

around I see;  
and Phar-i-see;  
that I am free;

A voice within,  
Surrounded by  
O, may I ne'er



# He Died for Me. Concluded.



my na - ture thrills, the mocking throng, for - get that hour, thrills,..... throng,..... hour.....	And tells me Up - on the When Je - sus	Je Cross ... groaned .....	sus died for me..... He died for me..... and died for me.....
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my na - ture thrills, the mocking throng, for - get that hour,	And tells me Jesus, Up - on the Cross When Je - sus groaned	He died for me. He died for me. and died for me.
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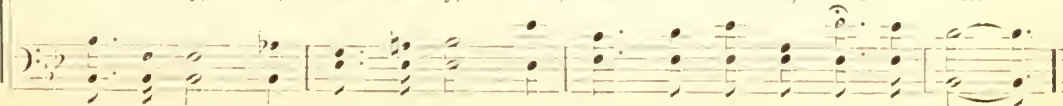
CHORUS.



O, Cal - va - ry, O, Cal - va - ry, Be - neath Thy Cross I fain would be; O,



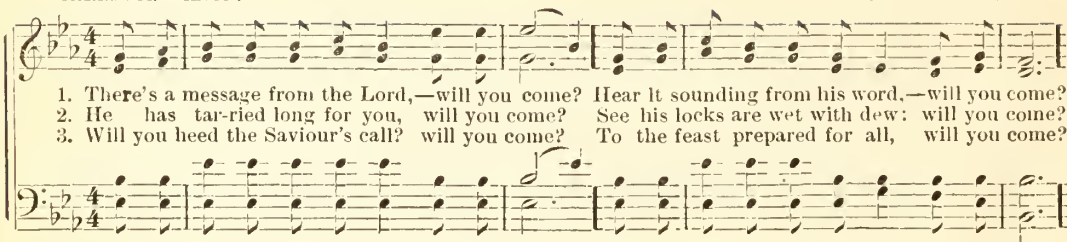
Cal - va - ry, O, Cal - va - ry, Come, bless - ed Je - sus, dwell in me.



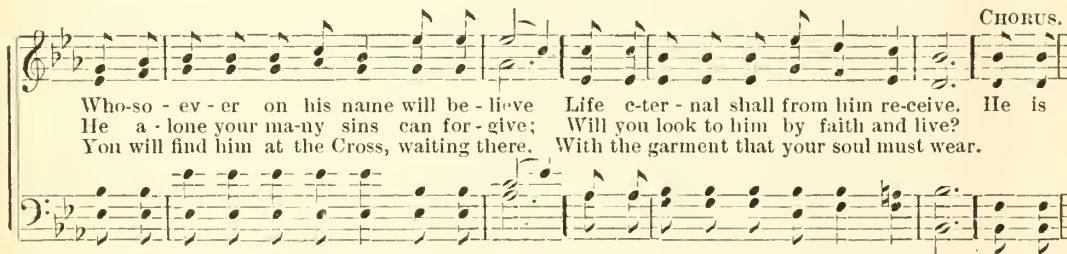
# Will You Come?\*

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

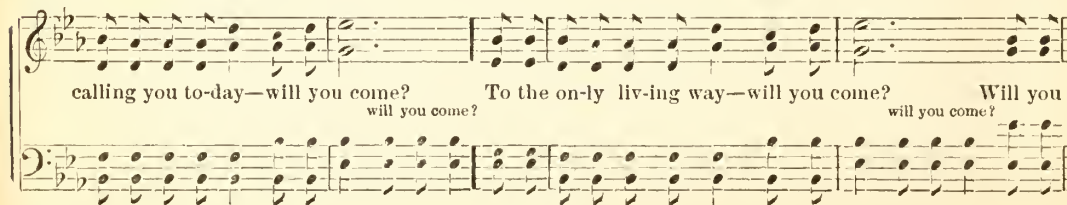


1. There's a message from the Lord,—will you come? Hear it sounding from his word,—will you come?  
 2. He has tar-ried long for you, will you come? See his locks are wet with dew: will you come?  
 3. Will you heed the Saviour's call? will you come? To the feast prepared for all, will you come?



CHORUS.

Who-so - ev - er on his name will be - lieve Life e-ter - nal shall from him re-ceive. He is  
 He a - lone your ma - ny sins can for - give; Will you look to him by faith and live?  
 You will find him at the Cross, waiting there. With the garment that your soul must wear.



calling you to-day—will you come? To the on-ly liv-ing way—will you come? Will you  
 will you come? will you come?

\* By permission.

# Will You Go? Concluded.

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plunge beneath the flood of his all - a-ton-ing blood? Will you be a child of God? Will you come?

## Christ the King of Glory.

Words by L. MARSHALL.

*Cheerfully.*

D. H. NORRIS.

*D. C.*

1. Christ, who art the King of glo - ry, Christ, who art the sinuer's friend, Joy-ful - ly we come before thee,  
2. Saviour, lead us through all danger, Guide us in the heavenly way, Thou art warning un-be-liev - ers,  
3. Bless-ed Sav-iour, let thy Spir - it Fill our hearts with heavenly love, Thou who once laid in a man-ger,  
May our souls thy light in-her - it,  
There to sing thy praise forev - er,

*Fine.*

*D. C.*

And thy mer - ey we commend; Thou dost hear the cry of sin-ners, When they call up - on thy name,  
While they rid - i - cule thy fame.  
Now art risen to end - less day; When temptations do ensnare us, When we wan-der far from thee,  
That we all from sin may flee.  
And our sin - ful fears re - move; May thy grace, O blessed Saviour, Guide us to thy throne above;  
In that land of peace and love.

# Beyond the River.

Rev. WILLIAM A. SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

*Tenderly.*

1. There's a land beyond the river; On that bright, e - ter - nal shore, We shall meet no more to  
 2. There's a home prepared all glorious, By the loving Saviour's hand; Where the saints shall reign vic-  
 3. There we'll float our spotless banner, And the welkin round shall ring, With the shouts of glad ho-  
 4. There we'll wear our crowns immortal, And our joy shall be complete; There we'll strike our harps e-

CHORUS.

sev - er, When the toil of life is o'er. By and by; O, haste the moment; By and  
 to - rious, In the bright ce - les - tial land.  
 san - na, To the great e - ter - nal King.  
 ter - nal, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet.

by; no more we'll roam, When we hear the voice of Je - sus, Bidding us a welcome home.

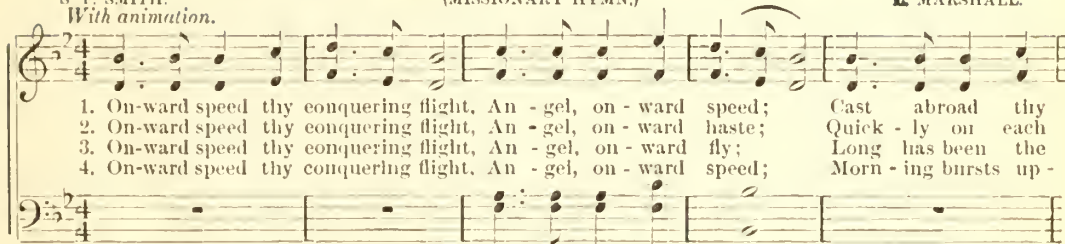
# Onward Speed thy Conquering Flight.

127

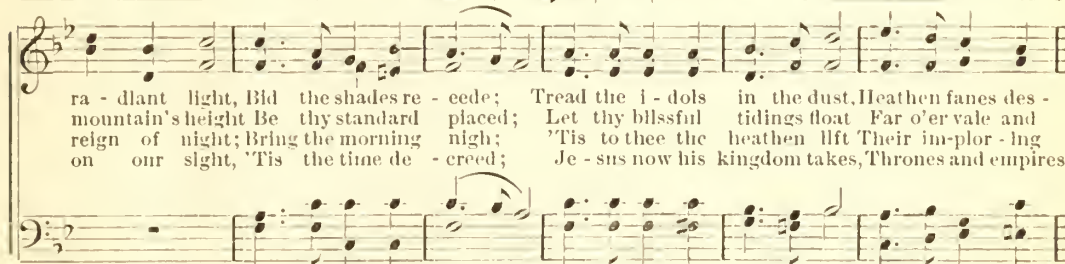
S. F. SMITH.  
*With animation.*

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

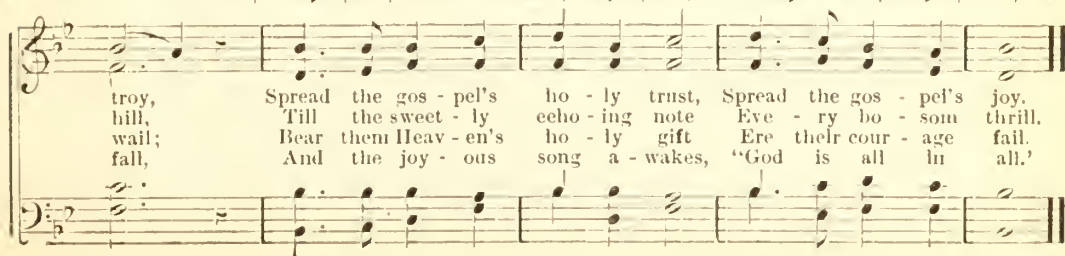
L. MARSHALL.



1. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward speed; Cast abroad thy  
2. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward haste; Quick - ly on each  
3. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward fly; Long has been the  
4. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward speed; Morn - ing bursts up -



ra - dant light, Bid the shades re - ce-de; Tread the i - dols in the dust, Heathen fanes des -  
mountain's height Be thy standard placed; Let thy blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and  
reign of night; Bring the morning nigh; 'Tis to thee the heathen lift Their im-plor - ing  
on our sight, 'Tis the time de - creed; Je - sus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires



trov,  
hill,  
wail;  
fall,  
Spread the gos - pel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos - pel's joy,  
Till the sweet - ly eeho - ing note Eve - ry bo - som thrill,  
Bear them Heav - en's ho - ly gift Ere their cour - age fail,  
And the joy - ous song a - wakes, "God is all in all."

# Sabbath Bells.

HARRISON MILLARD.\*

*Not too fast.**Echo.*

1. Sabbath bells, so sweet-ly call-ing, An-gel voi-ces in the air,  
2. Sabbath bells, ring on for-ev-er, Ech-o all the earth a-round;

*Echo.*

How your ech-oes, soft-ly fall-ing, Win the heart to praise and prayer,  
Dark the world if we should nev-er, Hear your bright and soothing sound.

*A little slower.*

Eve-ry week-ly toil and du-ty Your sweet mel-o-dies re-pay, For in bright and  
O, ye seem, to wea-ry mor-tals, Heavenly mu-sic far a-way, Ech-oed thro' the

\* From the Chaplet—by permission,



# Sabbath Bells. Concluded.

129

CHORUS. *Tempo primo.*

lov - ing beau - ty Earth seems nearer Heaven to - day. Sab - bath bells so sweet - ly call - ing,  
gold - en por - tals An - gels leave a - jar to - day.

*Echo.*

An - gel voi - ces in the air, How your ech - oes, soft - ly fall - ing,

*Echo.*

*Rall.*

Win our hearts to rest and prayer, To rest and prayer, To rest and prayer.

# The Sweet Story of Old.

Words by Mrs. LUKE.

*Not too fast.*

Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,
2. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love,
3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Nev - er heard of that heavenly home.

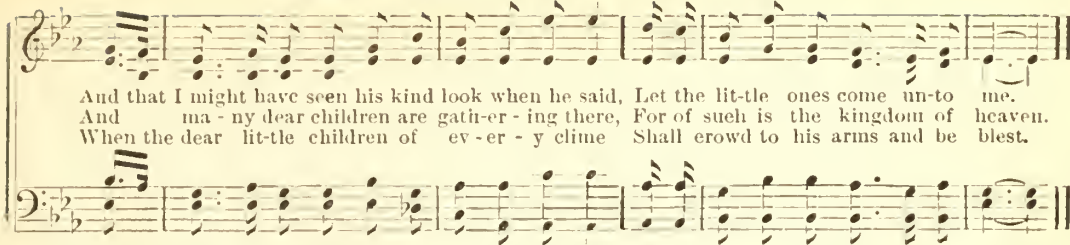


How he called lit-tle children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
 And if I now ear - nest-ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.  
 I should like them to know there's room for them all, And that Je-sus has bid them to come.



I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me,  
 In that beau-ti - ful place he has gone to prepare, For all that are washed and for - given,  
 I long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest, and brightest, and best,





And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me.  
 And ma - ny dear children are gath-er - ing there, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
 When the dear lit-tle children of ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

Words by L. M.  
*Cheerfully.*

### Come, let us Journey on our Way.

(NEW YEAR.)

L. MARSHALL.



1. Come, let us jour - ney on our way, And hail the com - ing year;  
 2. His glo - rious power let us a - dore, And bless him for his grace;  
 3. Our time is but a fleet - ing day, — A swift - ly flow - ing stream, —  
 4. Lord, grant us power and grace to live To thee and thee a - lone;

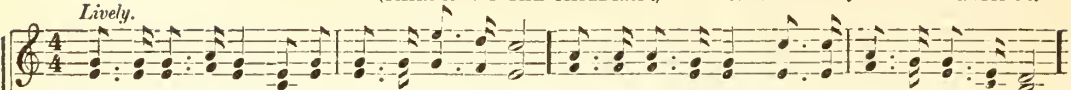
Walk - ing with Je - sus while we may, With love and ho - ly fear.  
 And per - se - vere and la - bor more, 'Till we shall see his face.  
 A tide that flows from earth a - way, — A tran - sient, fleet - ing dream.  
 That we a glad ac - count may give, At last, be - fore thy throne.

The third line may be sung as a solo or duet, if desirable.

# Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.\*

(TAKE AWAY THE CHILDREN.)

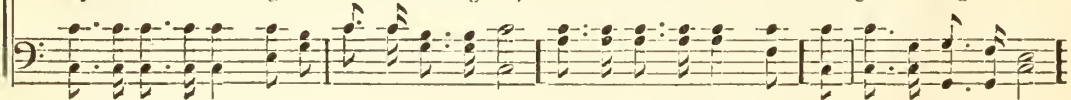
Words and Music by Rev. H. L. HASTINGS.

*Lively.*

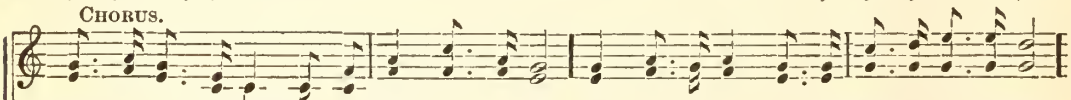
1. Take away the children, we cannot have them here, Said the wise disciples, as mothers bro't them near;
2. Rabbis we see are coming, and scribes are drawing near, How can little children among the great appear?
3. From the wise and prudent are many things concealed, To the babes and sucklings wisdom is revealed,
4. Children cry hosanna, while Pharisees complain, Children know their Saviour, who for their sins was slain;



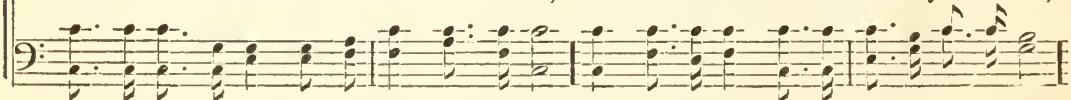
But the gentle Saviour their foolish zeal removed, To his arms he gathered the lit-tle ones he loved.  
 But the Lord rebuked them, and sent them happy home.  
 Learned ones may cavil, and die at last unblest, Lit-tle ones will nes-tle close to the Savionr's breast.  
 May we share the blessings to the little children given, And a-bun-dant entrance where reigns the King of heaven.



CHORUS.



Suf-fer lit-tle children to come un-to me, Do not forbid those who seek my face to see,



\* From "Songs of Pilgrimage"—by permission.

# Of such is the Kingdom. Concluded.

133

Saf - fer lit - tle chil-dren to come un - to me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both parts feature a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

## The Pilgrim.

Words by H. L. L.  
*With animation.*

L. M.

1. Thou must go forward, pilgrim, Right up the hill; The path is straight before thee, Right onward still;  
2. Thou must go forward, pilgrim, Turn not a-side; Try not the tempting byways Others have trod;  
3. Thou must go forward, pilgrim, Yet lin-ger, stay One moment at the fountain, Here by the way;  
4. Thou must go forward, Christian, O'er many a hill; Yet shrink not from the prospect, Press onward still;

By that ascent so rugged, Thy Lord has gone; His people all must follow, Press boldly on.  
They have but strayed and fallen, To rise no more; True danger lies behind thee, Safe - ty be - fore.  
The Master on his journey Opened that spring, Refreshment to the weary, And strength to bring.  
Be-side each moun-t of trial, Each toil or pain, The fountain of refreshment Shall flow a - gain.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both parts feature a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are written below the top staff.



# The Gospel.\*

M. KELLER.

*Spiritoso.*

1. This wond'rous theme I love to sing, The gos - pel of our Christ and King, And praise on high his  
 2. It calls to ev - 'ry man on earth, "You must se - cure a sec - ond birth! Prepare while on this  
 3. Come, trim your lamps and make them burn, And nev - er once from bat - tle turn Un - til the foe is

*f*

pre - cious name, In ev - 'ry land his love proclaim. For - ev - er sing! ex - alt that theme,  
 drear - y sod, To meet in joy your Christ and God. Pro - tect - ed by God's ar - mor strong,  
 driv - en far, — Such are the rules of Zi - on's war. Thy gra - cious gos - pel, Lord, we know

*p* *cres.*

*f*

It can the vil - est soul re-deem, And comfort to the wea - ry lend; Its Au - thor is the sinner's friend.  
 Prepare to fight 'gainst ev'ry wrong; Why stand ye i - dle all the day, As Sa - tan's tool for ev - 'ry fray?"  
 Will give us com - fort here be - low; And will secure a last - ing peace Whene'er our pilgrimage shall cease.

\* From Buds of Promise—by permission.

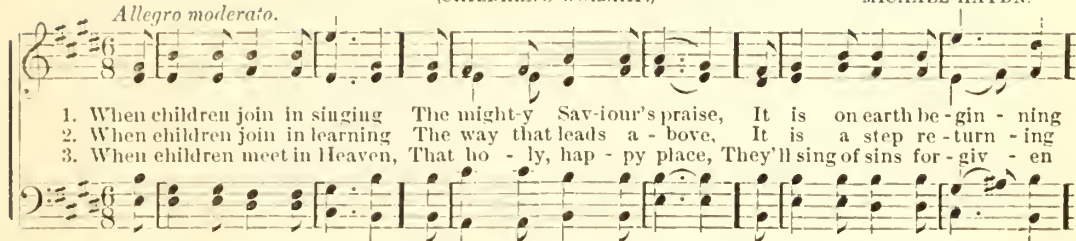


# When Children join in Singing.

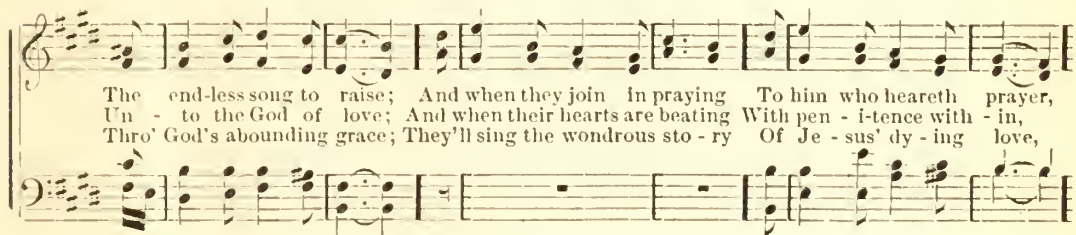
135

(CHILDREN'S WORSHIP.)

MICHAEL HAYDN.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. When children join in singing The might-y Sav-iour's praise, It is on earth be-gin - ning  
2. When children join in learning The way that leads a - bove, It is a step re - turn - ing  
3. When children meet in Heaven, That ho - ly, hap - py place, They'll sing of sins for - giv - en



The end-less song to raise; And when they join in praying To him who heareth prayer,  
Un - to the God of love; And when their hearts are beating With pen - i-tence with - in,  
Thro' God's abounding grace; They'll sing the wondrous sto - ry Of Je - sus' dy - ing love,



*cres.*  
They then are Christ o - bey - ing Who makes a child His care.  
It is the first re - treat - ing From ways of death and sin.  
And ev - er-more in glo - ry Will reign with Him a - bove.

# Loud Hosannas let us Raise.

Words by L. M.

(PRAISE TO GOD.)

L. MARSHALL.

*Very bold.*

1. Loud ho-san-nas let us raise To the King of end-less days; Let us join in cho - ral song,  
2. Praise the Lord on pipes and strings, For the joy his mercy brings; Strike the cymbal, harp and lute,

Prais-es to our God belong. Let the pealing or-gan swell Prais-es to Imman - u - el.  
In God's praise let none be mute. Praise the Lord who reigns on high, God from all e - ter - ni - ty.

Let the trumpet join to raise Loudest notes of grateful praise. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
God the Father, God the Son, God the Spirit, three in one.

# Loud Hosannas. Concluded.

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*Coda after 2d verse.*

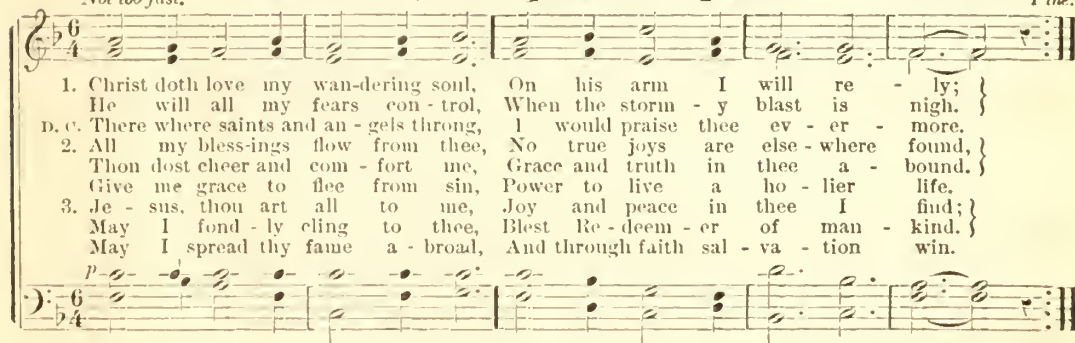


O my soul, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O praise the Lord most high, Praise ye the Lord most high.

*Not too fast.*

## Christ doth love my Wandering Soul.

Words and Music  
by L. MARSHALL. *Fine.*



1. Christ doth love my wan-dering soul, On his arm I will re-ly; }  
He will all my fears con-trol, When the storm-y blast is nigh. }  
n. c. There where saints and an-gels throng, I would praise thee ev-er-more. }  
2. All my bless-ings flow from thee, No true joys are else-where found, }  
Thou dost cheer and com-fort me, Grace and truth in thee a-bound. }  
Give me grace to flee from sin, Power to live a ho-lier life. }  
3. Je-sus, thou art all to me, Joy and peace in thee I find; }  
May I fond-ly cling to thee, Blest Re-deem-er of man-kind. }  
May I spread thy fame a-broad, And through faith sal-va-tion win.



*cres.* Pre-cious Sav-iour, lead me on, Guide me to the heaven-ly shore,  
Thou canst make me pure with-in, Keep me from all earth-ly strife,  
Just and ho-ly Lamb of God, By whose blood I'm cleansed from sin.

# O, Paradise must fairer Be.

Words arranged by Miss H. AUGUSTA BARNES.

(SWEET HOME.)

H. R. BISHOP.

*Andante.*

1. { O, Par - a-dise must fair - er be Than an - y spot be-low! } In Par - a - dise for - ev - er clear,  
 { My spir - it pines for lib - er - ty; Now let me thith - er go. } For ev - 'ry tear that I shed here  
 2. { In Par - a-dise a - lone is rest, And love with - out al - loy; } For ev - 'ry wounding thorn be-low,  
 { A heavenly flame fills ev'ry breast, And thrills the heart with joy. } And sweeter flow'rs than earth can show  
 3. { And ev - 'ry joy that, budding, died, Shall open there in bloom, } For all the joys that meet me there,  
 { And spring, in all her flowery pride, Shall waken from the tomb. } Like golden fruit in gar - dens fair,  
 4. { My youth that fled so soon a-way, Has left me lone - ly here, } All hopes, all wishes, all the love,  
 { Shall there be with me ev'ry day, - In heaven's brighter sphere. } Shall bloom around me there a - bove,

1-2

REFRAIN. *ritard.**tempo.*

The stream of love doth flow, } Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Where weary ones for - ever rest In Paradise my home.  
 A pearl therein doth glow. }  
 A rose shall blossom there, hair. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home, For ev'ry wounding thorn below A rose shall blossom there.  
 Shall twine around my }  
 For which my heart doth pine, shine. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home, For ev'ry joy that, budding, died, Shall open there in bloom.  
 And flow'rs forev - er }  
 That I have longed for here, } Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Shall bloom around me there above, In Paradise so dear.  
 In Par - a - dise so dear. }

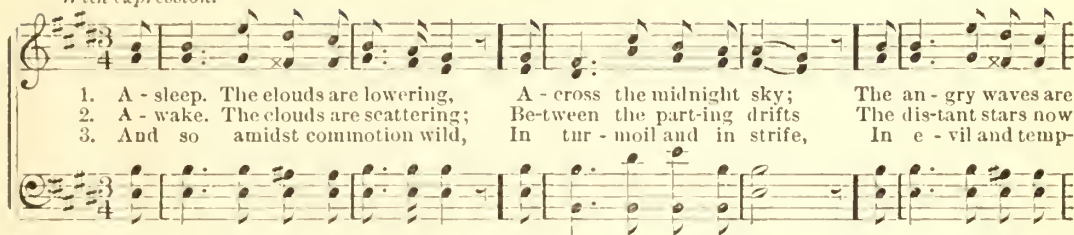
# Asleep and Awake.

139

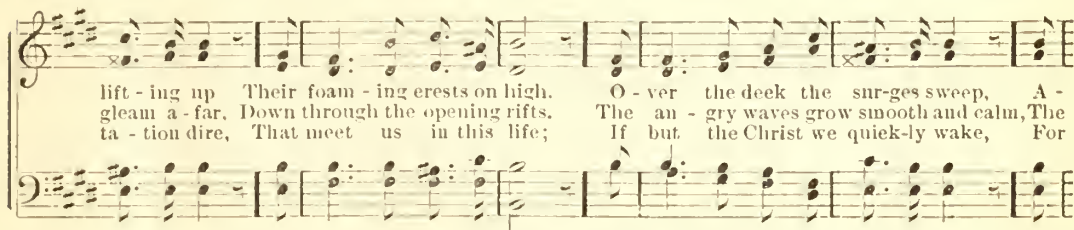
Rev. WILLIAM A. SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

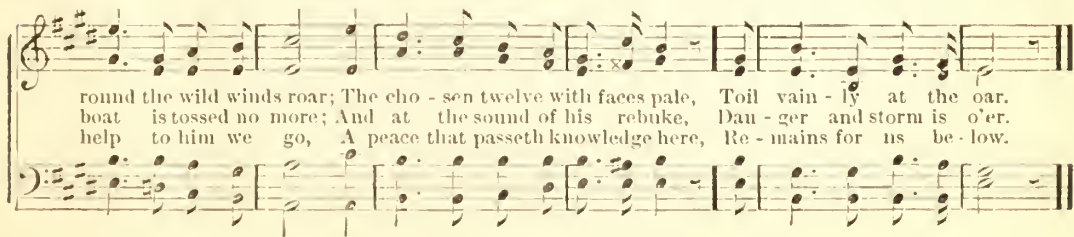
*With expression.*



1. A - sleep. The clouds are lowering,      A - cross the midnight sky;      The an - gry waves are  
2. A - wake. The clouds are scattering;      Be-tween the part-ing drifts      The dis-tant stars now  
3. And so amidst commotion wild,      In tur-moil and in strife,      In e - vil and temp-



lift - ing up    Their foam - ing crests on high.      O - ver the deek the sur-ges sweep,    A -  
gleam a - far, Down through the opening rifts.      The an - gry waves grow smooth and calm, The  
ta - tion dire, That meet us in this life;      If but the Christ we quick-ly wake,      For



round the wild winds roar; The cho - sen twelve with faces pale,    Toil vain - ly at the oar.  
boat is tossed no more; And at the sound of his rebuke,    Dau - ger and storm is o'er.  
help to him we go, A peace that passeth knowledge here,    Re - mains for us be - low.

# Marching to the River.\*

H. MILLARD.

*March movement.**Org.*

1. We are marching to the riv - er, 'Tis almost in sight; With the loved and blest for-  
 2. Lov-ing ones will come to meet us On the farther shore; Gen-tle voice-es there will

ev - er, We shall walk in light. We can al-most hear the flow - ing  
 greet us, And we'll weep no more. Step by step that shore we're near-ing.

Of that rush-ing tide; To the land of love we're go - ing, Where our hopes abide.  
 And the Saviour's hand Leads us onward, never fear - ing, To the bet-ter land.

\* From the Chaplet—by permission.



# Marching to the River. Concluded.

141

*f* CHORUS.

We are march-ing to the riv - er, 'Tis al - most in sight;

Just a - cross we'll meet the an - gels, Robed in spot - less white.

## Another Year has Gone.

Words by L. M.

(CLOSE OF THE OLD YEAR.)

L. MARSHALL, 1944

*Andante.*

[PRAYER.]

1. Another year has gone, Days, weeks and months have fled, Time waits for none, and we, ere long, May sleep among the dead.
2. Friends to our hearts most dear Have passed from life away; Parted, no more to meet us here, 'Till the great gathering day.
3. Fashioned and formed of clay By God's almighty hands; He calls us when we go astray, And our return commands.
4. Then let us raise our eyes To him in whom we live; The bliss and comfort time denies, The Lord in heaven will give.

# Here in Love We Meet.\*

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN.)

H. MILLARD.

*With animation.*

1. Here in love we meet, Comrades fair to greet, While all nature round us With spring-time is sweet;  
 2. Praise to God on high, While the years go by, He hath kept his children, His praise magni - fy;  
 3. When these years are o'er, May we meet once more In that home of gladness On yonder bright shore.

DUETTO.

Happy voices sound the song, While in gladness here we throng, Joyful pilgrims, joyful pilgrims, We are marching along.  
 With our Saviour for our guide, We have wandered side by side, Joyful pilgrims, joyful pilgrims, Down the valley so wide.  
 Ev - er battling for the right, Serving Jesus with delight, Joyful pilgrims, joyful pilgrims, 'Neath our banner so bright.

*Accomp.*

CHORUS.

Here in love we meet, Comrades fair to greet, While all nature round us With spring-time is sweet.

\* From the Chaplet—by permission.

# Here in Love We Meet. Concluded.

143

Glo - ry, Al - le - lu - ia, Glo - ry, Al - le - lu - ia, Pilgrims, joyful pilgrims, we're marching along.

## Through the Day Thy Love hath Spared Us.

KELLY.

(AN EVENING OFFERING.)

L. MARSHALL.

*Larghetto.*

*Fin.*

1. Through the day thy love hath spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;  
Fa - ther, thou our guard-ian be, Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2. Pil - grims here on earth and strangers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,  
And when life's short day is past, Rest with thee in heaven at last.

Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;  
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers, In thine arms let us re - pose;

# The Eternal Song.

Rev. WILLIAM A. SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

*With enthusiasm.*

1. I know I am wick - ed and sin - ful, By na - ture a child un - to sin,  
 2. I know that I've wan - dered from du - ty, And done what I should not have done,  
 3. I know that I yield to the tempt - er, And fail from his pres - ence to flee,  
 4. Dear Fa - ther, ac - cept my de - vo - tions, And help me my bur - dens to bear,

## REFRAIN.

But God in his mercy hath saved me, And cast out the evil within.  
 But in his great love for the erring, He gave up his well-belov'd son.  
 But from his enticing al-lure-ments, My spirit God labors to free.  
 That in thine own home over yonder, The bright crown of life I may wear.

Of Jesus, who suffered for me; I'll sing,.... I'll sing,.... I'll sing of his mercy so free.

# Working for Jesus.

145

G. W. S.  
Firmly.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 21 : 28.

Rev. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. Working for Je - sus, toil - ing each day, No time to tri - fle, no time to play; Work in the sunshine,  
 2. Working for Je - sus, night's coming on: No time to slum - ber, day is soon gone; Lost ones around thee,  
 3. Working for Je - sus, work with a will, Wait - ing in patience, trusting him still: Seeds of truth sowing,  
 4. Working for Je - sus, lov - ing and kind, Out in the high - ways jewels we'll find; Fruit for thy la - bor,  
 5. Working for Je - sus, till he shall say, Come all ye bless - ed, come, come away, En - ter my kingdom,

work in the shade, Work in the con - flict, be not dismayed. Work - - - ing for Je - sus,  
 seek - ing for light; Work while the day lasts, work with thy night.  
 morn - ing and eve; Sa - tan is hu - sy, souls to de - ceive.  
 soon thou shalt see; Work in the hedg - es, rough though it be,  
 faith - ful and tried, Safe in my pres - ence ev - er a - bide.

Working, yes, work - ing,

Work - - ing for Je - sus, Work - - ing, no time to de - lay, Working for Je - sus to - day.  
 Working, yes, working, Working, yes, working,

# The Love of God.

Words by Miss H. A. BARNES.

L. MARSHALL.

*Allegro moderato.* SOPRANO OBLIGATO.

1. A - wake my soul..... and praise the name..... Of Him who  
 2. Then how can we..... his chil-dren here..... For-get the  
 3. There we may see..... that face di-vine..... Where all is

A-wake my soul, and praise the name,  
 Then how can we, his chil-dren here,  
 There we may see that face di-vine

loves..... his children well;..... He reigns o'er all..... earth's wide do-  
 love..... of one so kind,..... And walk in sin..... with-out a  
 peace..... and joy-ful rest;..... There stand be-fore..... that bliss-ful

Of him who loves his children well, He reigns o'er all  
 For-get the love of one so kind, And walk in sin  
 Where all is peace and joyful rest, There stand before



# The Love of God. Concluded.

147



main,..... And all the earth..... his won - ders tell.....  
 fear..... That he our faults..... will al - ways find.....  
 shrine,..... And love and serve..... him, and be blest.....



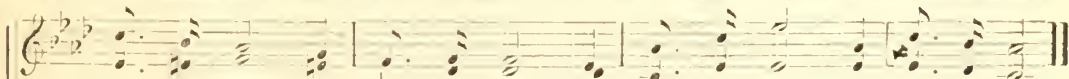
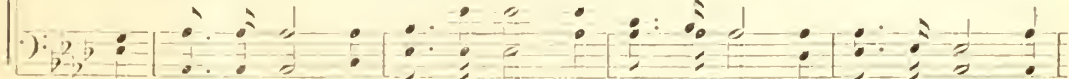
earth's wide domain, And all the earth his won - ders tell.  
 with - out a fear That he our faults will al - ways find.  
 that bless - ful shrine, And love and serve him and be blest.



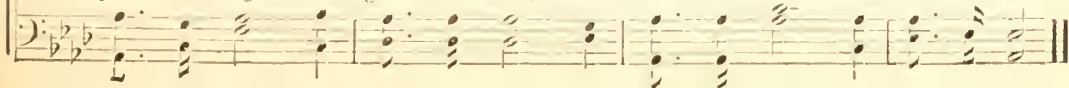
## CHORUS.



The good and wise and gracious One Who came to teach a Fa - ther's love, Is  
 We'll turn to him, to that dear friend, And ask him for his guid - ing hand, That  
 There, free from sin and free from pain, With Christ our Lord we'll ev - er dwell; His



ev - er near when tri - als come, And ev - er soothes us by his word.  
 all our thoughts may up - ward tend, And we may reach that heav - enly land.  
 prais - es sing with glad re - frain, To him who loves his chil - dren well.



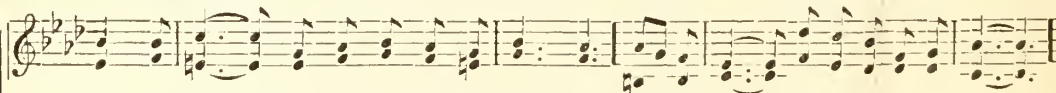
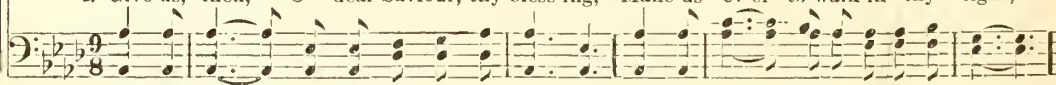
# The Fair, Golden Land.

Words by GEO. D. BURCHMORE.

L. B. MARSHALL.

*Lively.*

1. We are wait - ing, dear Saviour, thy call - ing To the land of the ev - er - green shore,  
 2. In that beau - ti - ful land o'er the riv - er, Where so ma - ny are happy and blest,  
 3. In that land, all redeemed and forgiv - en, Joy - ous songs with the an - gels we'll raise;  
 4. Give us, then, O dear Saviour, thy bless - ing, Make us ev - er to walk in thy light,



Where the tear - drops of grief ne'er are fall - ing, And where sor - row or sin are no more.  
 There our dear ones we'll meet, ne'er to sev - er, With our Lord and our Master we'll rest.  
 Night will nev - er come to us in heav - en, We shall see but the brightest of days.  
 Sweet - est com - fort and peace e'er pos - sess - ing, Till we en - ter that mansion so bright.



CHORUS.



Oh! that fair, gold - en land o'er the riv - er, At the close of life's evening we'll see,



# The Fair, Golden Land. Concluded.

149

With the ransomed to dwell there for-ev - er, And par - take of God's blessings so free.

## Chant. "The Lord is My Shepherd."

L. MARSHALL.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I..... shall not want.  
 2. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of right- ousness for his name's..... sake.  
 3. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still..... waters.  
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.  
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for - ever. A . . . men.

# Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me.

(CHORUS FOR GIRLS. MAY BE SUNG AS A DUETT.)

Arranged by L. M.

*Not too fast.*

The musical score is written for two voices on a grand staff with two staves per voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, suitable for children's voices. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The score includes a tempo instruction 'Not too fast.' and a dynamic marking 'Sym.' (Symphony) above the final line of music.

Suffer little children to come unto me, Suffer lit-tle chil-dren to come un - to me, Suffer lit - tle children,

Suf-fer lit-tle children to come un - to me, and forbid them not, and forbid them not, for-


bid them not, for of such is the king-dom of heaven, for of such is the kingdom of

heaven, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, for of such is the kingdom, the

*Sym.*

# Suffer Little Children. Concluded.

151



kingdom of heaven, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, for of such is the kingdom, the



kingdom of heaven, for of such, of such is the kingdom of heaven, for of such, of such is the kingdom of heaven.

***ff* FULL CHORUS.**



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the Lord. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the Lord. Amen, Amen, A - men, A - men.

# The Sweeter Thought.

Rev. WILLIAM A. SMITH.

*With much expression.*

L. B. MARSHALL.

1. 'Tis sweet when morning wak - ens, And leaves the couch of night, To cast athwart the  
 2. 'Tis sweet when twi-light shad-ows Are gathering thick - ly round, When eve-ning bells are  
 3. 'Tis sweet in youth's bright morning, When hope inflames the breast, And ev - 'ry zeal and  
 4. But sweet - er far it will be, If in the hour of death, I can but sing his

dark - ness, Her gold - en ra-diance bright; 'Tis sweet to look to heav - en, And  
 ring - ing In low, me - lo - dious sound; 'Tis sweet to leave the la - bor, And  
 ef - fort Are in - to ser - vice pressed, 'Tis sweet to trust our Fa - ther, And  
 prais - es, With life's last lin-gering breath; Yes, sweet - er far than ev - er, I

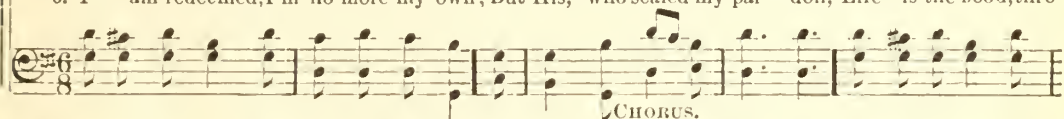
breathe up-on the air, With grate-ful hearts o'erflow - ing, The voice of thank-ful prayer.  
 cares of anx - ious days, To wor - ship in his pres - ence, And raise the song of praise.  
 on his help re - ly, To feel that on us ev - er Is fixed his watch-ful eye.  
 feel - I know 'twill be, If I can hear him whls - per, The mes-sage "come to me."



## Jesus in the Garden.



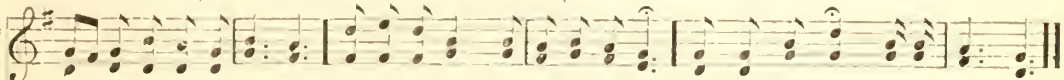
1. I am redeemed, O won-der-ful love, 'Twas love that bro't my par - don; By Him who came the
2. Laden with an-guish, Smitten with grief, He en-tered in the gar - den, Pray-ing in sor-row,
3. "Let this cup pass, my Father," He pray'd; I suf - fer in sub-mis - sion; Drink it I will, thy
4. Could you not watch one hour with me? The Sav-iour said in sor - row, Behold! I go, 'tis
5. 'Twas midnight, and the mul-ti-tude came With Ju - das, in the garden; They bound Him there, and
6. I am redeemed, I'm no more my own; But His, who sealed my par - don, Life is the boon, thro'



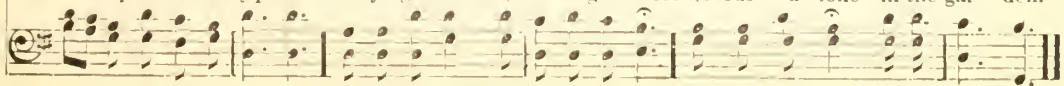
CHORUS.



sin - ner to save, Who suffered in the gar - den. O it was love, 'twas won-der-ful love;  
 shedding His blood, The blood that seals our par - don.  
 law to ful - fill, That man may have re - mis - sion.  
 writ - ten of me, To die for man to - mor - row.  
 led Him a - way, To pay the price-less par - don.  
 Je - sus a - lone, Who suffered in the gar - den.



He who purchased my pardon: Praying in sorrow, shedding His blood, Jesus a - lone in the gar - den.



# The Rose of Sharon.\*

Written March 8th, 1878.

(Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. PALMER.)

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

*With expression.*

By per.

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me ;  
 2. Long a - go in the val - ley so fair, friend, Far a-way by the beautiful sea!  
 3. All in vain did they crush this fair flower, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree;

Its per-  
 This pure  
 For its

fume is per-vad-ing the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.  
 Rose in its beau-ty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.  
 roots, deep-ly bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

\* Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is to me the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour, mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody,

# The Rose of Sharon. Concluded.

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## REFRAIN.

There's a Rose,..... a love-ly Rose..... And its beau-ty all the world shall  
 There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, And its beau-ty all the world shall

see..... There's a Rose..... a love-ly Rose..... Its perfume is for you and for me.  
 see..... There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, Its perfume is for you and for me.

## Sow in the Morn thy Seed.

MONTGOMERY.

(ACTIVE EFFORT TO DO GOOD.)

[PEPPERELL.]

L. MARSHALL.

*Legato.*

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broadcast it o'er the land;  
 2. And du-ly shall appear, In verdure, beauty, strength, The tender blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.  
 3. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall foster and ma-ture the grain For gar-ners in the sky  
 4. Thence, when the glorious end, The day of God, shall come, The an-gel-reap-ers shall descend, And heaven cry, "Harvest home?"

# There is a Land of Love.

WM. C. CULVER.

*Cheerfully.*

1. There is a land of love, Where the pure and the ho - ly rest, Far in the realms a - bove,  
 2. There is a land of love, On the shores of the crys tal sea; There may the spir - it rove,  
 3. There is a land of love, Where the soul of the ransomed sings, There may the wea-ry dove

In joy and gladness ev-er drest; A land of beau-ty and delight. Where the streets are paved with gold,  
 From earthly trials ev-er free; A land where tears are wiped away; Where the blind their God behold,  
 From earthly wand'rings fold her wings, A land of truth and glory bright, Where the pangs of death ne'er come,

REFRAIN.

Where ce-lestial flow'rs are blooming fair and bright, And all is glorions to be-hold. There is a land of love,  
 Where the lame may walk along the heavenly way, And the bondman ne'er again be sold.  
 Where Christ himself will be the on - ly light, O! may I call that land my home.

# There is a Land of Love. Concluded.

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## Jerusalem the Golden.

Words by BERNARD.  
*Allegro.*

"And the city was pure gold."

L. MARSHALL

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en, With milk and honey blest, } I know not, oh! I know not  
 2. { Beneath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and soul oppress'd, }  
 3. { They stand, those halls of Zion, Con - ju - bi-lant with song, } The Prince is ev - er in them,  
 4. { All bright with many an an-gel, And all the martyr throng; }  
 5. { There is a throne of Da - vid, And there from care released, } And they who with their lead-er  
 6. { The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast, }

What joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond compare.  
 The day-light is se - rene, The pastures of the bless-ed Are decked in glorious sheen.  
 Have conquer'd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of light.

# More like Jesus would I Be.

J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. More like Je-sus would I be, Let my Saviour dwell in me; Fill my soul with peace and love,  
 2. If he hears the ra-ven's cry, If his ev-er-watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall,  
 3. More like Je-sus when I pray, More like Je-sus day by day; May I rest me by his side,

Make me gen-tle as a dove; More like Je-sus while I go, Pil-grim in this  
 Sure-ly he will hear my call, He will teach me how to live, All my sin-ful  
 Where the tran-quil wa-ters glide, Born of him, through grace renewed, By his love my

world be-low; Poor in spir-it would I be,— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.  
 thoughts forgive; Pure in heart I still would be,— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.  
 will subdued, Rich in faith I still would be,— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.



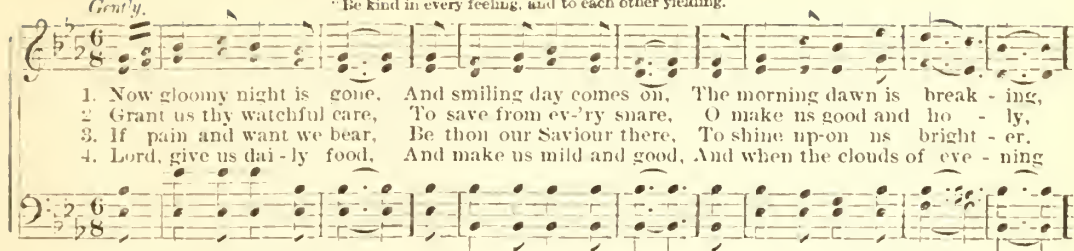
# Now Gloomy Night is Gone.

159

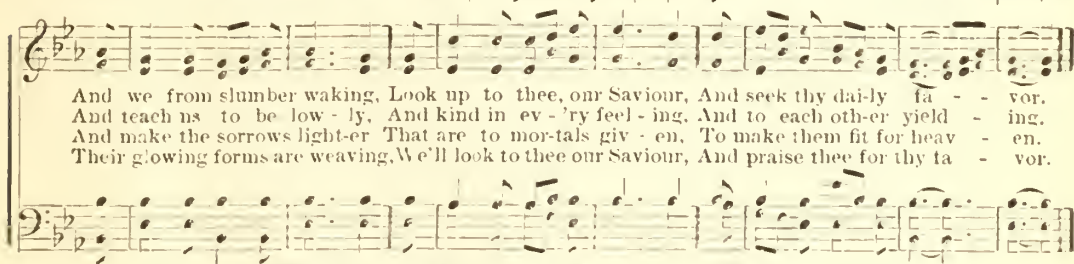
L. M.

*Gently.*

"Be kind in every feeling, and to each other yielding."



1. Now gloomy night is gone, And smiling day comes on, The morning dawn is break - ing,
2. Grant us thy watchful care, To save from ev-'ry snare, O make us good and ho - ly,
3. If pain and want we bear, Be thou our Saviour there, To shine up-on us bright - er,
4. Lord, give us dai - ly food, And make us mild and good, And when the clouds of eve - ning



And we from slumber waking, Look up to thee, our Saviour, And seek thy dai - ly fa - vor.  
And teach us to be low - ly, And kind in ev-'ry feel - ing, And to each oth - er yield - ing.  
And make the sorrows light - er That are to mort - als giv - en, To make them fit for heav - en.  
Their glowing forms are weaving, We'll look to thee our Saviour, And praise thee for thy fa - vor.

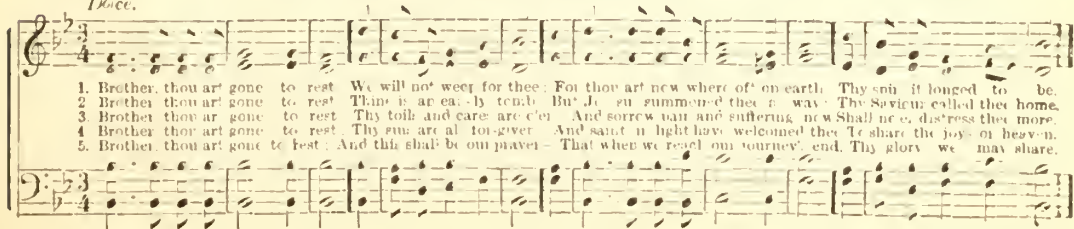
## Brother, Thou art Gone to Rest.

NOEL'S COL.

(FUNERALS.)

L. MARSHALL.

*Slow.*



1. Brother, thou art gone to rest We will not weep for thee: For thou art now where of 'st on earth. Thy soul it longed to be,
2. Brother thou art gone to rest! Time is an eas - y tomb: But Je - su summon - ed thee a way: Thy Saviour called thee home.
3. Brother thou art gone to rest Thy toil and care are o'er And sorrow van and suffering now Shall ne - ver distress thee more.
4. Brother thou art gone to rest Thy sin are all for - given And saint in light have welcomed thee To share the joys of heav - en.
5. Brother, thou art gone to rest: And this shall be our prayer - That when we reach our journey's end, Thy glory we may share.

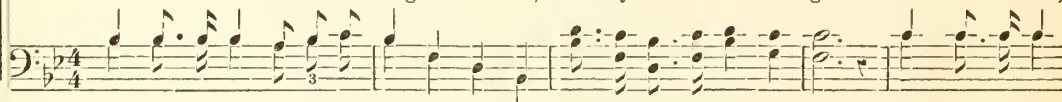
# Praise Ye the Lord. No. 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

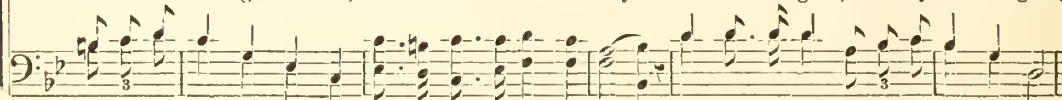
H. R. PALMER—by permission.



1. Praise ye the Lord! joyfully shout ho-san - na! Praise the Lord with glad acclaim; Lift up our hearts  
 2. Praise we the Lord! he is the King e - ter-nal; Glo - ry be to God on high! Praise we the Lord,



unto his throne with gladness, Mag-ni-fy his ho - ly name. Marching along under his banner bright,  
 tell of his lov-ing kindness, Join the chorus of the sky. Still marching on, cheerily marching on,



Trusting in his mer-cy as we go (trusting we go), His light divine ten - der - ly  
 In the ranks of Je - sus we will go (ev - er we'll go), Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly



go.....

# Praise Ye the Lord. Concluded.

161

CHORUS.

o'er us will shine; We shall be guided by his hand now and forev - er. Steadily marching on, with our home where the blest Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise him forever.

ban-ner waving o'er us, Stead-i-ly marching on, while we sing the joy-ful cho - rus; Stead-i-ly

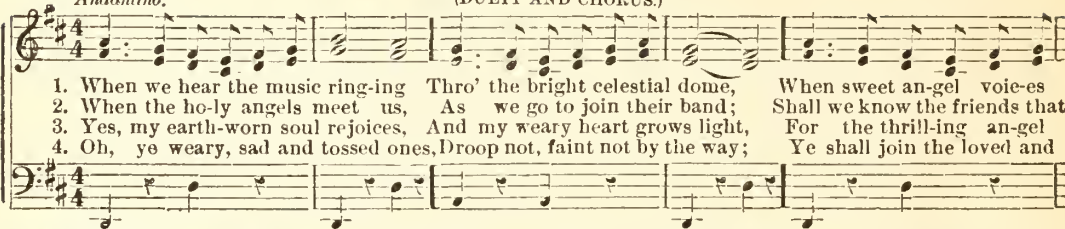
marching on, pillar and cloud going before us, To the realms of glory, to our home on high.

Words by W. M.  
*Andantino.*

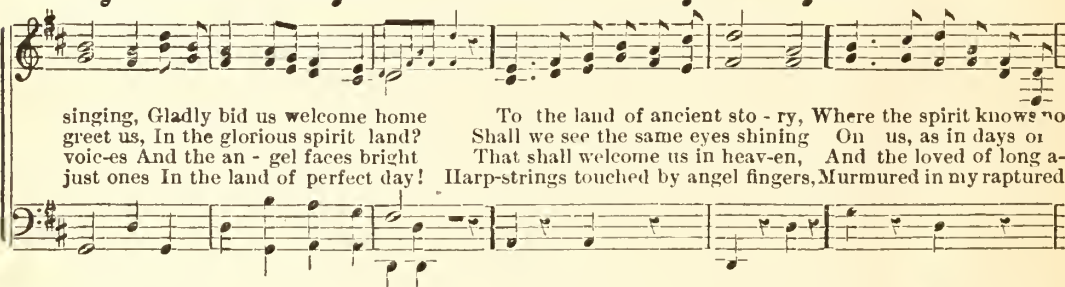
# Shall We Know Each Other There?

L. MARSHALL.

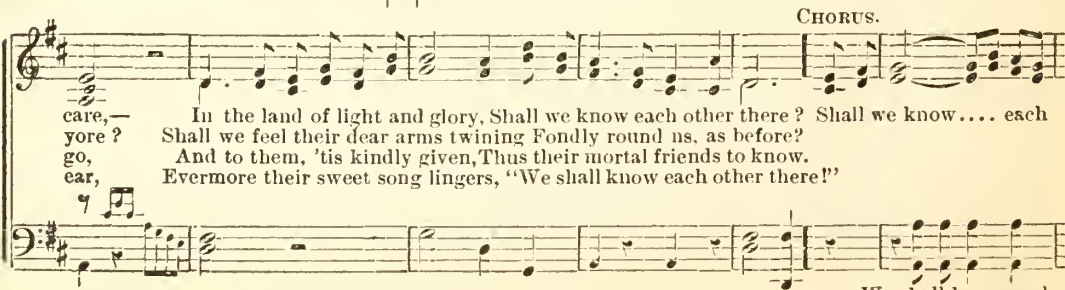
(DUETT AND CHORUS.)



1. When we hear the music ring-ing Thro' the bright celestial dome, When sweet an-gel voic-es
2. When the ho-ly angels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the friends that
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices, And my weary heart grows light, For the thrill-ing an-gel
4. Oh, ye weary, sad and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join the loved and



singing, Gladly bid us welcome home To the land of ancient sto - ry, Where the spirit knows no  
greet us, In the glorious spirit land? Shall we see the same eyes shining On us, as in days or  
voic-es And the an - gel faces bright That shall welcome us in heav-en, And the loved of long a-  
just ones In the land of perfect day! Harp-strings touched by angel fingers, Murmured in my raptured



CHORUS.

care,— In the land of light and glory, Shall we know each other there? Shall we know.... each  
yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly round us, as before?  
go, And to them, 'tis kindly given, Thus their mortal friends to know.  
ear, Evermore their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each other there!"

We shall know each

# Shall We Know Each Other There? Concluded.

163

oth - er, Shall we know ... each oth-er, Shall we know.... each oth-er, Shall we know each other there?

oth - er, We shall know each other, We shall know each other, We shall know each other there.

## The Bird that Soars on Highest Wing.

MONTGOMFRY.  
*Cheerful.* UNISON.

C. W. GREENK.

1. The bird that soars on highest wing, Builds on the ground her lowly nest; And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
2. When Mary chose the better part, She meekly sat at Je-sus' feet; And Lydia's gently opened heart  
3. The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown In deepest ad - o - ra - tion bends; The weight of glory bows him down

Sings in the shade when all things rest; In lark and nightingale we see What honor hath hu-mil - i - ty.  
Was made for God's own temple meet; Fair - est and best adorned is she Whose clothing is hu-mil - i - ty.  
The most when most his soul ascends; Near-est the throne itself must be The footstool of hu-mil - i - ty.



# Harping with their Harps.

Hymns of Heaven.

L. MARSHALL.

*Firm.*

1. Hark, hark, the voice of ceaseless praise A-round Je-ho-vah's throne, Songs of ce - les - tial  
 2. Oh! for an an-gel's per-fect love, A ser-aph's soaring wing, To sing with thou - sand  
 3. But oh! with pure and sinless heart His mer - cies to a - dore, My God, to know thee

CHORUS.

joy they raise To mor - tal lips unknown. Up - on the sea of glass they stand, In  
 saints a-bove The triumphs of our King. On earth our fee - ble voice we try In  
 as thou art, Nor grieve thy Spir - it more. Oh! bless - ed hope, a lit - tle while, And

shin-ing robes of light; The harps of God are in their hand, They rest not day nor night.  
 weakness and in shame; We bless, we laud, we mag - ni - fy, We con-quer in his name.  
 we amidst that throng Shall live in our Redeemer's smile, And swell the an-gels' song.



# Glorious Summer.

165

Miss SIMES.

*Cheerfully but not too fast.*

L. MARSHALL.

1. 'Tis summer, glo-rious sum-mer, Be - hold the glad green earth, How from her grateful  
 2. 'Tis summer, bless-ed sum-mer, The lof - ty hills are bright, All nature's fountains  
 3. 'Tis summer, in our bo-soms When youthful snares we fly, And strength and peace are

bo - som The herb and flower spring forth; These are her rich thanks-giv - ings,  
 spar-kle; Shall ours have less - er light? No, bid each spir - it praise him,  
 giv - en, By an - gel min - is try; 'Tis sum-mer in you heav - en,

The incense floats a - bove; Fa - ther, what may we of - fer— Thy chosen flower is love.  
 Who hangs on every tree A thousand living lyres, A - wak-ing har - mo - ny.  
 Where teachers ye shall know, While time shall last the blessings Wrought by your love below.

# See the Leaves around us falling.

Words by HORN.

(AUTUMN.)

L. MARSHALL.

*Not too fast.*

1. See the leaves a-round us fall-ing, Dry and withered to the ground, Thus to thoughtless  
2. What tho' yet no loss - es grieve you, Gay with health and many a grace, Let not cloudless

mor - tals call-ing In a sad and solemn sound; Youth, on length of days pre - suming,  
skies de-ceive you, Summer gives to au-tumn place; On the tree of life e - ter - nal

Who the paths of pleas-ure tread. View us late in beauty blooming. Numbered now among the dead.  
Let our high-est hopes be stayed; This alone, for - ev - er vernal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

# See the Snow-Flakes Falling.

167

Words by L. MARSHALL.

(WINTER AND SPRING.)

L. MARSHALL

*Andantino.*

1. See the snow-flakes fall - ing, Car - pet - ing the earth, Win - ter winds are  
 2. Not a leaf is wav - ing On shrub, bush or tree; Win - ter winds are  
 3. Soon the buds will blos - som, Spreading o - dors sweet, And in fields will

howl - ing Dis - mal round the hearth, Clouds are dark and drear - y,  
 chill - ing, Both on land and sea; But the spring is com - ing,  
 rip - en Sheaves of gold - en wheat; So our bless - ed Sav - iour

Streams in ice-bound chains, Na - ture now is wea - ry On the fro - zen plains.  
 With its gen - tle rain; Birds sweet music hum - ming In the su - gar - cane.  
 Will il - lume our hearts With a har - vest great - er, Which his love im - parts.

# Temperance Hymn.

Written for the Temperance Gathering in Tremont Temple, Boston, Feb. 22, 1873.

Poetry by Rev. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Music by L. MARSHALL.

*Allegro.*



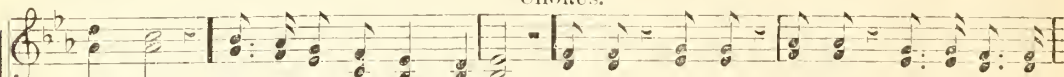
*f Unison.*

*Unison.*

1. Ral - ly, oh, ye friends of Temp'rance! Rally round our standard fair! God and Christ and ho - ly
2. Heart and hand and voice be giv - en To the cause we hon - or here, Till the homes of earth, like
3. Plead with those whose feet are tread - ing Now the dark and downward way, Bring them from the haunts of
4. Cheer the sad and lift the fall - en, Lay not mercy's burden down, For your rest is just be -



CHORUS.



an - gels Will sustain and bless you there. Ral - ly! ral - ly! ral - ly! ral - ly, for the  
 heav - en, Shall be full of love, not fear.  
 e - vil, To a pur - er, bet - ter day.  
 fore you, There awaits your fadeless crown.



voice Of the Mas - ter calls you now, Make his paths your noble choice, Seal and keep your Temp'rance vow.



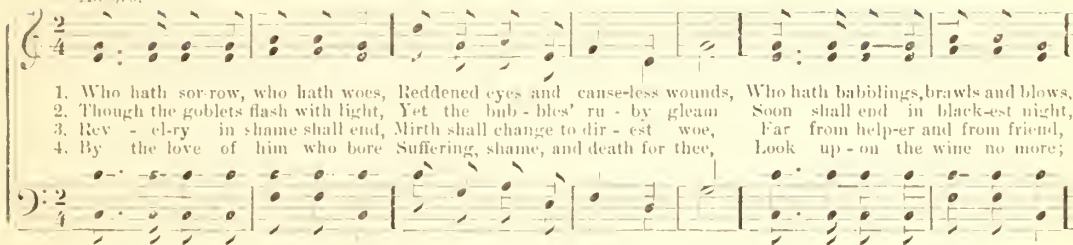
# Turn Away from the Wine-Cup.

169

Words by Rev H. L. HASTINGS by permission. (TEMPERANCE HYMN.)

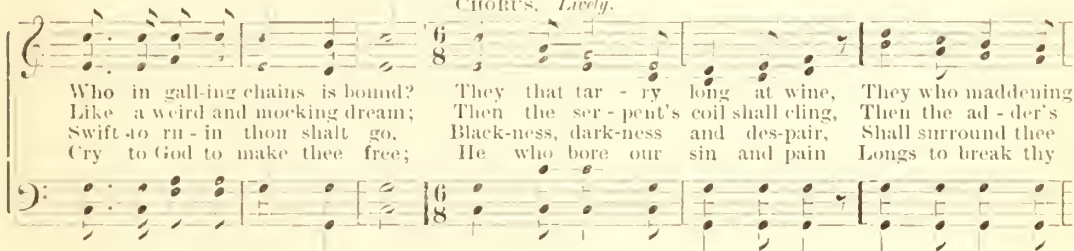
DRANOEL.

*Allegro.*

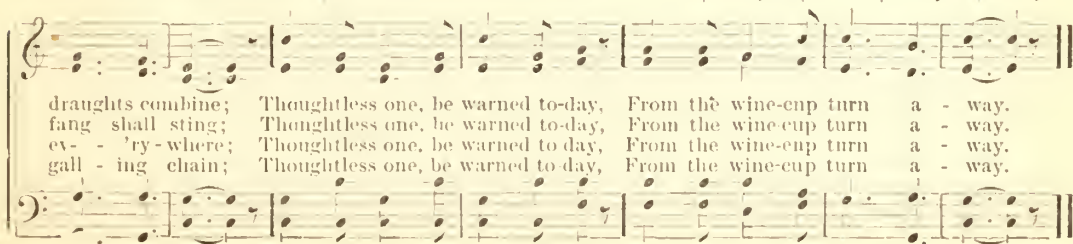


1. Who hath sor-row, who hath woes, Reddened eyes and cause-less wounds, Who hath babblings, brawls and blows,  
 2. Though the goblets flash with light, Yet the bub-bles' ru-by gleam Soon shall end in black-est night,  
 3. Rev-el-ry in shame shall end, Mirth shall change to dir-est woe, Far from help-er and from friend,  
 4. By the love of him who bore Suffering, shame, and death for thee, Look up-on the wine no more;

CHORUS. *Lively.*



Who in gall-ing chains is bound? They that tar-ry long at wine, They who maddening  
 Like a weird and mocking dream; Then the ser-pent's coil shall cling, Then the ad-der's  
 Swift to ru-in thou shalt go, Black-ness, dark-ness and des-pair, Shall surround thee  
 Cry to God to make thee free; He who bore our sin and pain Longs to break thy



draughts combine; Thoughtless one, be warned to-day, From the wine-cup turn a-way.  
 fang shall sting; Thoughtless one, be warned to-day, From the wine-cup turn a-way.  
 ev-ry-where; Thoughtless one, be warned to day, From the wine-cup turn a-way.  
 gall-ing chain; Thoughtless one, be warned to day, From the wine-cup turn a-way.



# Let the Still Air Rejoice.

Words by PIERPONT.  
*Lively*

(TEMPERANCE HYMN.)

L. MARSHALL

1. Let the still air re - joice, Be ev - 'ry youth - ful voice  
 2. His hand in beau - ty gives Each flower and plant that lives,  
 3. Each sum - mer bird that sings Drinks from dear na - ture's springs  
 4. So let each faith - ful child Drink of this foun - tain mild,  
 5. Now let each heart and hand Of all this youth - ful band

Blend - ed in one,.... While we re - new our strain ...  
 Each sun - ny rill,.... Springs which our foot - steps meet,....  
 Her ear - ly dew,.... And the re - fresh - ing shower  
 From ear - ly youth, Then shall the song we raise  
 U - nit - ed move, Till on the moun - tain's brow,

To him with joy a - gain, Who sends the eve - ning rain And morn - ing sun.  
 Fountains our lips to greet, Wa - ters whose taste is sweet, On rock and hill.  
 Falls on each herb and flower, Giv - ing it life and power, Fra - grant and new.  
 Be heard in fu - ture days, Ours be the pleasant ways Of peace and truth.  
 And in the vale be - low, Our land may ev - er glow With peace and love.




# Christmas Carol.

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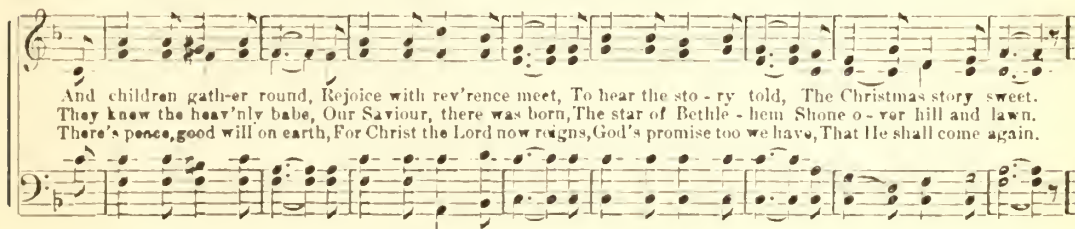
(GLAD TIDINGS EVERYWHERE.)

C. A. WHITE.

*Allegro.*



1. The mer-ry bells now ring, Glad tid-ings ev-'ry-where; The happy Christmas song Fills ev-'ry place of pray'r;  
 2. The faithful shepherds watch'd All thro' the lonely night, They saw the angels come, All dress'd in robes of white;  
 3. Oh! welcome hap-py morn, Thrice welcome, Saviour King, For Christ the Lord is born, Let ev-'ry voice now sing,



And children gath-er round, Rejoice with rev'rence meet, To hear the sto-ry told, The Christmas story sweet.  
 They knew the heav'nly babe, Our Saviour, there was born, The star of Bethle-hem Shone o-ver hill and lawn.  
 There's peace, good will on earth, For Christ the Lord now reigns, God's promise too we have, That He shall come again.

CHORUS.

*Sung after last verse.*



Ring the bells, Ring the bells, Ring the merry Christmas bells, Ring the bells, Ring the bells, Ring the Christmas bells. A - men, A - men, *ad lib.*

# In the Lowly Manger Lying.\*

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

H. MILLARD.

*Moderato.*

1. In the low-ly manger ly-ing, See, the love-ly babe ap-pears! Round him beams the light un-dying, And his smile thro' dark-ness cheers.  
 2. Wondering shepherds watch-ing night-ly, Saw the star above them shine, And it led them, gleam-ing bright-ly, To the Lord of love di-vine.  
 3. Tell the sweet and won-drous story, How the Son of God on high Left his home of peace and glory, In the realms be-yond the sky.  
 4. Sing of how he came to mortals, Through his love and kind-ness, How he opened heav-en's bright portals, All his chil-dren here to bless.

CHORUS GIRLS.

CHORUS BOYS.

1. An - gels wake the bless - ed cho - rus, So the night hath passed a - way,

*Tutti.**tempo.*

Sec, the king who reign - eth o'er us Was a babe on Christmas day.

\* From the Chaplet—by permission.

# Christmas Carol.

173

Words by ROSALINDA.

(MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.)

C. A. WHITE.



1. The mer-ry bells are ring-ing Their happy, joyous strain, And children now are singing Their Christmas songs again;
2. While shepherds watch'd their flocks Upon the plains at night, They saw a star a-rise, That seem'd so wondrous bright;
3. They sought him not in mansions, They knew he was not there, But in a lowly manger, Behold, the Child was there.



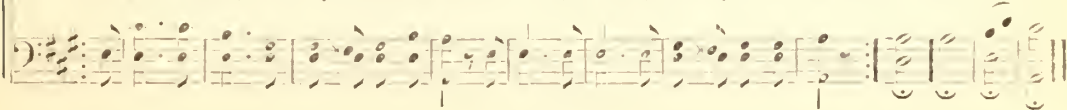
Those Christmas bells a story tell Of shepherds on the plain. Ring out your sweetest music, For Christmas comes again.  
They journeyed on, from ev'ry plain, From ev'ry hill and lawn; The promised star had risen, They knew that Christ was born.  
Re-joice, re-joice, the Son of God On earth for-ev-er reigns; The merry bells are ringing, For Christmas comes again.



CHORUS.

*To be sung after last verse.*

The bells, the bells, the merry Christmas bells, The bells, the bells, the merry Christmas bells. A - men, A - men.



# Christ is Risen.\*

(EASTER CAROL.)

H. MILLARD.

*f* Joyfully. *p* *f* *ff* *p*

1. Christ is ris - en,  
2. All ye na-tions  
3. Come ye ransomed

Christ is ris-en,  
bow before him,  
to his temple,

Glory to the Father's name; Christ is risen,  
He is God for-ev-er-more; With the Father  
Sound his triumph to the skies; Come ye faithful,

*f* *p*

Christ is ris - en,  
now he reigneth, ye re - pent-ant,

Go, the joyful news, the joyful news proclaim, Heav'n and earth his name, his holy name adore,  
With the risen Lord, The ris-en Lord arise, With your ris-en Lord a - rise.

SOLO or CHORUS in UNISON.

Death for - ev - er he hath conquered, And he reign - eth now on high.  
He hath o - pened to his peo - ple Glo - ry's gates e - ter - nal - ly.  
See we now our soul's re-demp - tion, Je - sus died and rose a - gain.

*poco meno.*

\* From the Chaplet—by permission.

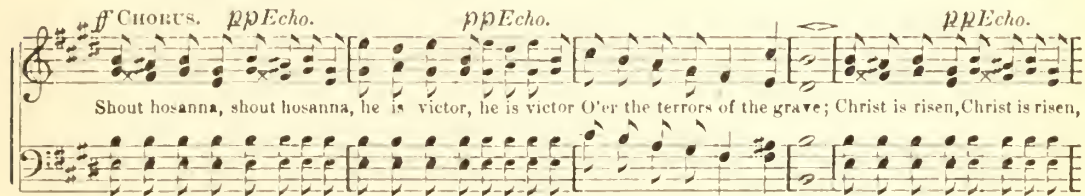
# Christ is Risen. Concluded.

175



Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, God the Sav-iour glo - ri - fy.  
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Spread the news from sea to sea.  
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Life of all be - liev - ing men.

*ff* CHORUS. *pp* Echo. *pp* Echo. *pp* Echo.



Shout hosanna, shout hosanna, he is victor, he is victor O'er the terrors of the grave; Christ is risen, Christ is risen,

*pp* Echo. *Echo.* *Adagio.*



Christ is ris - en, All his chil - dren he will save. A - men.



Abide with me.....	95	I was a wandering sheep.....	99	Suffer little children to come unto me....	150
Again with grateful hearts we come.....	64	I want to be like Jesus.....	46	Swedish mother's hymn.....	80
All must be well.....	18	I will a little pilgrim be.....	73	Swell the anthem, raise the song.....	69
Angel voices.....	66	Jesus in the garden.....	153	Swiftly the hours speed on.....	55
Another year has gone.....	141	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	72	The babe of Bethlehem.....	38
Asleep and awake.....	139	Jerusalem the golden.....	157	The boy who never told a lie.....	30
A theme for song.....	84	Jesus little children loves.....	45	The eternal song.....	144
Beacon light.....	94	Jesus, Master, whose I am.....	61	Temperance hymn.....	163
Beyond the river.....	126	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	58	The fair golden land.....	148
Be not weary.....	90	Jesus will give you rest.....	118	The Gospel.....	134
Before thy gracious throne, O Lord.....	54	Just as I am.....	83	The heavenly recompense.....	78
Blest the day's returning.....	33	Knocking at the door.....	50	The joy of pardon.....	87
Brightly gleams our banner.....	19	Let every heart rejoice and sing.....	44	The land of rest.....	20
Brother, thou art gone to rest.....	159	Let the still air rejoice.....	170	The love of God.....	146
China.....	101	Let us join as God commands.....	12	The Lord is my Shepherd - Chant.....	149
Cling close to the rock.....	52	Lord of glory.....	92	The Master is coming.....	27
Come, let us journey on our way.....	131	Lord of the harvest.....	107	The New Jerusalem.....	96
Consecration.....	97	Lord, teach a little child to pray.....	63	The pilgrim.....	133
Consider the lilies of the field.....	5	Lord, we come to seek thy blessing.....	9	The precious story.....	4
Christ doth love my wandering soul.....	127	Lord hosannas let us raise.....	136	The release.....	71
Christ the King of glory.....	125	March along.....	56	The resurrection.....	81
Christ is risen (Easter Carol).....	174	Marching to the river.....	140	The risen Saviour.....	19
Christmas Carol.....	173	Meditation.....	54	The Rose of Sharon.....	154
Christmas Carol.....	173	More like Jesus would I be.....	153	The Sabbath School.....	82
Christmas Carol-In the lowly manger lying.....	172	My home beyond the river.....	17	The Sabbath School with joy we hail.....	116
Cross and Crown.....	28	National prayer.....	85	The Saviour's call.....	47
Delightful is the Saviour's voice.....	121	Now gloomy night is gone.....	159	The Saviour now is calling.....	109
Easter.....	76	O come to Jesus early.....	34	The Sunday School is my delight.....	32
Ever gracious, loving Saviour.....	60	O how Jesus loves.....	8	The sweet story of old.....	130
Farwell, dear friend.....	60	O Lord, another week has flown.....	103	The sweeter thought.....	152
Forward bear your banners.....	120	Of such is the kingdom of heaven.....	132	The world where Jesus reigns.....	7
Gather in his lambs.....	117	Onward, Christian soldiers.....	74	There is a land of love.....	156
Glad tidings of great joy I bring.....	39	Coward speed thy conquering flight.....	67	There is a clime where Jesus reigns.....	48
Glorious summer.....	165	One sweet flower has drooped and faded.....	128	There is no love like the love of Jesus.....	36
God doth watch us on our way.....	14	O, Paradise must fairer be.....	138	There was joy in heaven.....	108
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.....	23	Our Saviour through this world did pass.....	22	There's no'ing like the Bible.....	31
Gracious Shepherd, loving Saviour.....	63	Our temple builded, gracious God.....	88	They rest from the conflict.....	115
Greeting.....	57	O, why not come to Jesus now.....	49	Through the day thy love hath spared us.....	143
Harping with their harps.....	164	Pass along the watchword.....	100	'Tis sweet to hear the children sing.....	62
Hark, the Christmas chimes are ringing.....	137	Pleasant are the pastures.....	24	Turn away from the wine-cup.....	169
He died for me.....	122	Praise ye the Lord, No. 1.....	114	Two happy houses.....	62
He is not here.....	42	Praise ye the Lord, No. 2.....	160	The bird that soars on highest wing.....	163
Here in love we meet.....	142	Purer yet and purer.....	64	To-day the Saviour calls.....	43
How bright, how glorious is the sight.....	110	Raise the banner for God and liberty.....	102	To Jesus the crown of my hope.....	75
How sweet is the day.....	110	Remember the poor.....	112	We are almost there.....	67
Ho! little thirsty one.....	59	Sabbath bells.....	128	Wake, parents of Israel.....	113
I am but a little child.....	41	Search the Scriptures.....	3	Wake with glad sounds, ye bells.....	40
Imaginary evils.....	104	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.....	53	We come to sing to Christ our King.....	70
I fly to Jesus, whose I am.....	89	See the leaves around us falling.....	166	We have met in peace together.....	29
I gave my life for thee.....	13	See, the rain is falling.....	98	We wish to greet you.....	105
I left it all with Jesus.....	15	See the snow-flakes falling.....	167	What can the Saviour do for thee.....	35
I love to go to Sunday School.....	6	Seed time and harvest.....	21	When children join in singing.....	135
I need thee, precious Jesus.....	16	Seeking the lost.....	53	When we pass through yond-river.....	11
In heaven alone is rest.....	105	Shall we know each other there.....	162	Who shall lead thy child to thee.....	65
In the light of holy truth.....	26	Showers of blessing.....	86	Will you come.....	124
In the by and by.....	119	Sound aloud Jehovah's praises.....	10	Working for Jesus.....	145
In the early season of thy youth.....	91	Sow in the morn thy seed.....	155	Why should gloomy thoughts arise.....	111
		Speed thou on.....	25		









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